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POETICAL WORKS.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAMUEL BUTLER.

With Life, Critical Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes,

BY THE

REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

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THE LIFE

AND

WORKS OF SAMUEL BUTLER.

We have hitherto, in this edition of the "Poets," had chiefly to do with the authors of grave and serious song—men who felt, and who enacted the feeling, that poetry was an earnest matter—a minor, but real religion—a proclamation, in various forms and measures, of the truth that is in beauty, or else of the beauty that is in truth. We come now to one of the earliest, and one of the ablest, of those writers of English verse, who have sought for their inspiration in ridicule, and who have tried rather to travesty truth, than to enforce or illustrate it in their poetry—if poetry it can be called, which is rather rhymed prose, sense, and wit, than that idealization of thought and feeling, which we usually call poetry.

Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras," was born in the parish of Strensham, in Worcestershire, some authorities say, in the year 1600, but others, more credibly, in the year 1612. He was baptized on February the 14th of the same year. His father, a yeoman, was the owner of a house and some land, and, besides, rented a considerable farm. He sent his son to the grammar-school at Worcester, taught at the time by one Henry Bright, a prebendary of the cathedral, and a man of eminence as a scholar. He is supposed to have gone from this to Cambridge, but, as he is ascertained never to have matriculated, the probability is, that his parents were unable to support him in the career of learning to which he was urged by

his own ambition and tastes. But on this, as on all other parts of Butler's life, there rests great obscurity. He approached the world, as a person steals in through the dark to tickle a child, and himself, all unknown, threw it into convulsions of laughter. We find him next seated, not on a poetic tripod, but on a clerk's stool, in the office of Mr Jeffreys, of Earl's Croomb, in Worcestershire, a flourishing justice of the peace. This situation was not the most respectable or most congenial, but it gave him opportunities of studying human nature in many of its most singular and raciest attitudes. Fielding, too, was a justice of peace, and this, doubtless, contributed to make him, as Byron calls him, "the prose Homer of human nature." There can be little doubt that Trulla and Talgol are copied from characters with whom Butler had come into professional contact. He enjoyed, too, it seems, ample leisure for study, and he diligently improved his time. Besides reading very extensively and miscellaneously, he cultivated the arts of music and painting. "It is singular," says Walpole, "that the Hogarth of poetry was also a painter." Some of his pictures were long preserved by his friends, although their merit is understood not to have been very great. He attempted, it is said, a portrait of Old Noll, and would, no doubt, do ample justice to his red nose! His love of the pencil introduced him to the acquaintance of the once celebrated painter, Samuel Cooper. After this, he obtained a recommendation to the Countess of Kent, and became, for a time, domesticated in her establishment at Wrest, Bedfordshire. Here he had the benefit of an excellent library, as well as of intercourse with that living library, Selden, who employed him sometimes as his amanuensis. From this monster of erudition, Butler probably derived much of that recondite learning with which he has stuffed "Hudibras" to superfluity. In what capacity he served the Countess we are not informed, and are equally in the dark as to why and when he left her household. He is next found under the roof of Sir Samuel Luke, at Cople, or Woodend, in Bedfordshire—a gentleman of an ancient family, a rigid Roundhead, one of Cromwell's officers, and destined to become for ever famous

under the sobriquet of "Hudibras." It is curious to notice how each of these three situations contributed to qualify Butler better and better for his great work. In the office of Jeffreys, he saw those aspects of low life which he has so admirably represented in the adventures of the Bear and Fiddle. In the library and society of Wrest, he collected those multifarious stores of learning which come bursting out at every pore of his poem. And, in the halls of Woodend, he met with those specimens of Puritanic character which it was his calling and destiny to distort into the immortal oddities of the Knight and the Squire. Far better for him this irregular but progressive education, than had he remained for years at Cambridge, and left it with the honours of senior wrangler. Some of his biographers suppose that he must have been very miserable at Woodend, and that he imbibed, while there, a bitter grudge at Sir Samuel Luke personally, as well as at the party to which he belonged. These statements require, we think, some qualification. Butler, while under the Puritan's roof, might undoubtedly feel himself under restraint, but he must have felt, too, no little satirical delight in watching the peculiarities of his host, and in silently inscribing them on the tablets of his mind for after use. He knew he was in the midst of his natural game, and resembled a painter detained among the banditti of the Apennines, who makes the best of his detention in sketching the strange figures and savage scenery around him. That Butler hated the Puritans as a party is clear, but we can see no evidence of any deep-rooted aversion to Sir Samuel Luke as an individual. On the contrary (in spite of Dr Johnson), he has a lurking fondness for "Hudibras," amid all the contempt and ridicule which he showers around him; beginning, perhaps, with a little spite at him, not on his own account, but as the representative of his class, he has, ere the end, fairly laughed himself into good humour with his hero. Indeed, there is very little of the spiteful or malignant in Butler's composition. His wit is dry, but seldom devilish. He can hate and he can despise; but he cannot, like Swift, loathe and cover the objects of his malignant fury with the foam of a demoniac.

At last came the Restoration, and it was welcomed by thousands besides Butler with rapturous hopes, which speedily sunk into indignant disappointment. Although not yet known as a poet, he was known to many as a scholar, a loyalist, and a man of worth, and had thus some right to expect a share in the golden shower. But scarcely a drop of it descended on him. He was fain, relinquishing hopes of higher preferment, to accept of the secretaryship to Richard Earl of Carbury, Lord President of the Principality of Wales, who made him steward of Ludlow Castle—a place famous as that where the Comus of Milton was first enacted. To it the Court of the Marches had been removed. Butler by this time was fifty years of age, and in order to put a spoke in the wheel of fortune, and secure independence for life, he determined to marry a wealthy widow. Her name was Mrs Herbert. She was a gentlewoman of good family, but shortly after marriage, she lost the larger portion of her fortune, which had been laid out on bad securities. A little, however, was saved from the wreck, and on this, and on the proceeds of his stewardship, Butler lived for some time quietly and comfortably enough. He began now to indite his immortal burlesque poem. How long he was occupied in composing it we are not told—he had spent all his life in collecting its materials. The first part of it appeared in 1663, and became instantly popular. The humble student-steward of the Welch Marches awoke one morning and found himself famous. All London applauded and laughed at the poem. The Earl of Dorset, then a man of much literary influence, recommended it at court—and the merry monarch laughed louder than any one else, and often quoted its more pointed and poignant couplets. Butler's fortune seemed at length made. But he was again doomed to a disappointment—the more bitter to be borne, because preceded by such a sudden sunburst of success—and had soon occasion to quote with emphasis the text, "Put not thy trust in princes." Charles laughed, quoted, agreed that "Butler was a good cavalier and a clever fellow"—and "Odds fish, so he was," but he *did* nothing for him at all. Dorset, having first set his book afloat, seemed to think that his duty to it and its author was

ended. The Duke of Buckingham, according to Wycherley, appointed a meeting with him one day at the Roebuck, with the intention of being of service, and, along with Wycherley, they met accordingly; when, lo! the door of the chamber being left accidentally open, two ladies of a certain character crossed in company with a creature of his own, and the volatile Duke leapt up, followed, and, in the disgraceful pursuit, entirely forgot the poet. Clarendon was constantly flattering him with the hope of places and employments of value, but it was never fulfilled. It is said, indeed, that the king once ordered him a present of 300 guineas (some say 3000), but there is no proper foundation for the story. He published the second part of Hudibras in 1664, and the third part fourteen years later, in 1678, and this still leaves the work unfinished. His manner of life, his circumstances, and habitudes during these years, are almost wholly unknown. We know nothing, except that he had left the country, and was resident entirely in London; that he had become very poor; that bitterness was beginning to gather on his spirit; and that, while his book was increasing the gaiety of the three kingdoms, he was himself struggling with mean miseries which were never even to receive the poor compensation of being particularly recorded for the instruction and the indignation of posterity. Had a fourth part of Hudibras been written, its satire, its increased severity, and concentrated spirit of gall, would have testified to the souring process through which his mind had passed. It was possible, even, that he would have loosened his satirical vengeance upon the rotten-hearted faction which had so neglected their Laureate, and proclaimed their levity to be heartlessness, their ridicule to be itself ridiculous, their laughter to be folly, and their loyalty a farce. But the opportunity was not afforded him. Two years after the appearance of the third part, its neglected author breathed his last; of what disease we know not, as accounts vary; probably of a complication of minor maladies, ranging around the central complaint—a broken heart. It was on the 25th of September 1680, when he had reached the age of sixty-eight. He died in Rose Street, a mean street in Covent Garden, where he had

resided for several years. He died poor; but, like Burns, with no debt. His friend, a Mr Longueville of the Temple, who proved the truth of the proverb, "There is a friend who sticketh closer than a brother," and whose name shall long be cherished for the sake of his disinterested attachment to Butler, solicited for him a public funeral in Westminster Abbey. It was refused, as afterwards in Byron's case, but for a different reason. Byron's dust was rejected on account of his profanity—Butler's, on account of his poverty. Could any good thing come out of Rose Street? Could a man who had left scarcely enough money to buy a shroud, be permitted to lie down with the kings and the nobles of the land—aye, even in Poet's corner? He found a grave, however, in the churchyard of St Paul, Covent Garden. A very few persons followed him to his last resting-place, and made a procession, the shivering smallness of which might almost have provoked a shout of laughter from within the coffin of the great comic writer they were committing to the dust. His grave he had desired to be deep, as if wishing a *quantum sufficit* of earth, since no other landed property was, or ever had been his; and there, six feet deep, at the west end of the churchyard, Dr Patrick, afterwards Bishop of Ely, reading the funeral service, Butler was buried. It was forty years afterwards ere Mr Barber, Mayor of London, erected the monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey, and carved an inscription which proves that he was actuated to the deed as much by admiration of Butler's principles as of his poetry. The parishioners of the Church of St Paul, too, testified their respect for his memory, by erecting him a monument on the south side of that church in 1786.

He is reported to have been in private, a worthy, honest, and modest man. Like Addison, it required the key of the grape to unlock the treasures of his wit and wisdom; although he never, like Addison, became intoxicated. One who dined with him at a tavern, found him during the first bottle, very flat and heavy; during the second, extremely lively, witty, and altogether delightful; and after the third, although not drunk, so heavy and stupid, that it

required a strong act of faith to believe him the author of "Hudibras." He compared him accordingly to a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle. Dr Johnson's words are striking, "In this mist of obscurity passed the life of Butler, a man whose name can only perish with the language. The date of his birth is doubtful; the mode and place of his education are unknown; the events of his life are variously narrated, and all that can be told with certainty is that he was poor."

In this he resembled Burns, as well as in some other traits of his character and genius. Like him, he was the wittiest of men. Like him, he loved to warm himself with wine. Like him, he arose instantly into fame. And like him, the bright tropical morning was soon overcast, and so continued till after death. The wittiest and most gifted man in Scotland was sent by his noble patrons and his grateful country to gauge ale-firkins, quarrel with supervisors, and measure the longitude and latitude of tallow candles, at a salary of £70 a year. The wittiest man in England was handed over by the king and courtiers—to the maintenance of whose worthless ascendancy he had sacrificed his whole genius—to the tender mercies of bailiffs, and to all the ills of which poverty is ever the legal heir. Burns, however, was in one point happier than Butler. His fierier temperament and stronger passions conducted him to an earlier grave; and, in another point, he was happier still—having written, not for a party, but for a people; his popularity has been of a far more enviable kind, and promises to be more enduring.

As soon as Burns was dead, his country's concealed and crushed love for him burst out in various ways: in new editions of his works—in subscriptions for his widow—and in the ascription to him of poems and songs which he never wrote. This mark of respect, at least, was speedily paid to Butler's memory also. Three small volumes of his "Remains" in verse and poetry appeared; but all of them were spurious, except some lines on Duval, a noted highwayman, and two or three prose fragments of little moment or merit. Mr Thyer, a keeper of a public library in Manchester, and a

contemporary of Johnson and Warburton, published in 1759 a collection of "Remains," in two large volumes, of prose and verse, undoubtedly genuine, which are now included in his works. He had obtained them through the descendants of Mr Longueville, Butler's friend. He told Dr Johnson that he had in his possession the common-place book of the poet, containing Hudibras in germ—the greatest part of those witty remarks and pithy apothegms which were afterwards to be worked into the tissue of the poems, noted down in prose. But it, and some other unpublished productions—such as a French Dictionary, and part of a Tragedy on Nero, which are said to have been seen by Bishop Atterbury—seem now irrecoverably lost, and though they were found, would probably be of very little value. Since, imitations of "Hudibras," too numerous to be recounted, have proved its great popularity.

Such is really all we can tell about Butler himself, unless it be to add, that, according to Aubrey, "he was of a middle stature, strong-set, high-coloured, with a head of sorrel hair, a good fellow, and latterly much troubled with the gout." We pass to speak of his genius and writings.

Aubrey, in the passage we have just quoted, calls him a man of a "severe and sound judgment," and says that he showed it by the great disdain he felt for the poetry of Waller. No reader of "Hudibras," or his other productions, can doubt that honest Aubrey is in this correct. Butler had one of the sharpest and most sagacious of intellects—an intellect which, if not much conversant either with the heights or the depths of ideal and metaphysical thought, pierced far below the surfaces, and saw most distinctly the *angles* and *edges* of things. His mind had all that brawny commonsense, that natural inevitable insight which distinguished Swift, Cobbett, and Burns. What a number of strong pointed sentences—noticeable still more for their truth and sense, than for their wit—could be picked out from his writings in proof of this! We have often had occasion to remark, that if a man happen to possess one mental quality in great abundance, the world in its haste, and the ordinary fry of critics in their conceit, imme-

diately proceed to deny him every other, or to derogate from the quality of those they are obliged to concede. This has been very much the case with Butler. Wit being his most singular, has been called his sole property—for his enormous learning, of course, is only held to prove his diligence! Now, in fact, Butler had some other qualities, higher in value, if not so wonderful in vastness, as his wit. He had, as we have asserted above, much home-spun, clear-sighted, practical wisdom. But he had also, we intend to prove, not a little of the real *vis-vivida*—the fire, fancy, and inspiration of a poet. Some authors have wit and imagination in nearly equal quantities, and it is their *temperament*, or circumstances, or creed, which decides the question, which of the two they shall specially use or cultivate. Had Butler been a Puritan, instead of a Cavalier, he could have indited noble, serious poetry. As it is, he has interspersed, amid the profuse wit and ridicule of "Hudibras," some exquisite touches of grave poetry—touches sometimes as delicate as they are few—always as striking in effect as they are brief in the time of execution. Take the picture of Bruin, in all its shaggy, picturesque perfection. Laugh at him, if ye dare!

"The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
With visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin,
Clad in a mantle *della guerre*,
Of rough impenetrable fur;
And in his nose, like Indian king,
He wore for ornament a ring;
About his neck a threefold gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern target;
Armed, as heralds, *cant* and langued,
Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged."

Or hear this fine love-flourish, which *ought* to have been sincere.

"The sun and day shall sooner part,
Than love or you shake off my heart,
The sun, that shall no more dispense
His own, but your bright influence.

I'll carve your name on barks of trees,
With true love-knots and flourishes,
That shall infuse eternal spring
And everlasting flourishing:
Where'er you tread, your foot shall set
The primrose and the violet;
Nature her charter shall renew,
And take all lives of things from you."

Why, this might have come from the fair Rosalind, in the Forest of Arden, and sounds softly as an enamoured wave breaking in whispers upon a shore of silver sand!

We give only two others.

First—

"For as we see th' eclipsed sun
By mortals is more gazed upon,
Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
He shines in serene sky most bright;
So valour in a low estate
Is most admired and wonder'd at."

The second makes Warburton (not the warmest of critics) break out into a rapture—

"The moon pull'd off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from sight,
(*Mysterious veil, of brightness made,*
That 's both her lustre and her shade),
And in the lanthorn of the night,
With shining horns, hung out her light;
For darkness is the proper sphere
Where all false glories used t' appear."

The reader will notice, too, that all his descriptions of battles, all his similes, and all his single serious lines, are amazingly spirited, and were they severed from the ludicrous context, would produce the effects of high poetry. Through his smaller productions, too, such as his "Lines on Drunkenness," on "Plagiarism," and on "The Abuse of Human Learning," we find scattered not a little genuine and manly poetry. "Hudibras" has incomparably less imagination than "Don Juan:" it has much more than Swift's poetry or prose. But Butler resembles these two writers in this—that he is constantly jerking us down from rather lofty and

imaginative heights, to the meanest and most laughable conceptions. All burlesque writers, of course, try this—it is one essential part of their art; but few have done it so quietly, yet quickly, with such invisible art and magical dexterity, as the three we have thus classed together. They go to their work of burlesque with as much determination as if it were the most important work in the world. They lose no opportunity of interjecting low and ludicrous images. They never spare their own finest passages, but dash in, without remorse, some odd incongruity or coarse word, which damages their serious effect, and secures their ludicrous triumph. Thus Byron closes his powerful picture of the ship's crew escaping from the wreck with the lines—

> "They grieved for those that perish'd with the cutter—
> And also for the biscuit casks, and butter."

And thus—to name one out of a thousand examples—Butler, at the close of the passage formerly quoted about love, says—

> "Only our loves shall still survive,
> New worlds and natures to outlive;
> And, like to *herald's moons*, remain
> All crescents, without change or wane."

One main feature, we repeat, of burlesque poetry, undoubtedly lies in this merciless mangling of its own beautiful creations. But when the creations are, as sometimes with Butler, and often with Byron, consummately fine, we feel regret that the necessities of their plan compel them to such a sacrifice—and think of a Hercules degrading himself into a Harlequin.

Of the three, Butler has much less humour, but incomparably more wit. The odd analogies, the quaint quirks of fancy, the images, brought from such distant and opposite regions, to confront each other, and wonder how they ever came to meet—the jumble of all sublime and all ridiculous, all lofty and all low objects and ideas, in Hudibras are amazing, and remind you of what the great Sydenham Exhibition would become, were an earthquake, without swallowing

it up, shaking it into confusion, intermixing the plants of the tropics with those of the Arctic circle, marrying the sable and the sloth, the Polar bear and the hippopotamus, and clothing the marbles of Italian statuary with the plaids and philabegs of Caledonia. Who, even while mourning over such a chaotic ruin, as a whole, would not be forced to laugh "loud laughters three" over the queer details of the catastrophe—a catastrophe which the all-learned and all-laughing genius of Butler has symbolized in his poem. Hudibras is an Encyclopædia turned topsy-turvy—a large joking Geography—a Universal History, first reduced to its component parts, and then bound up again in the oddest possible style, and with all its pages awry. Butler says of his hero—

"He could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope."

It is a faithful description of the mock epic, as well as of its mock hero. But the tropes, too, are generally mock tropes. To all his classical allusions, to all his scholastic learning, to all his recondite historical facts, and to all his keen and witty sense, he never forgets to add an edging of nonsense. The gruel were not thick and slab without it. How rich in these equivocal figures, his portraits at the beginning of the Knight and the Squire, in which he showers ridicule on both, collected from every quarter of the globe, and from every page of history! How consummately learned and ridiculous that inventory of Sidrophel's goods and chattels, and with what mock-majesty (like a beef-eater showing the regalia in the Tower) does he recite the absurd jargon of astrological heraldry! His learning may, as we have said before, be attributed to his diligence and his memory—but to what are we to ascribe the *use* he makes of it? — the compression he gives it, the power with which he causes it all to converge upon particular points, and the quiet slyness with which he slips in at every corner the facts, which are to be the grave germs of inextinguishable laughter. It has been said of Tennyson's broken lines, that, as in the pine-wood, there is fragrance and poetry in the fracture; and so we may say, that in Butler's broken and

limping lines, there is, in every fracture, fun and learning. Johnson compares him, in extent of knowledge, to Rabelais; and certainly, Butler, much as he yielded to the Frenchman in humour, wild fancy, and uproarious mirth, was not inferior in learning, and had much more wit. But we do not so well understand the doctor, when he says, speaking of his language and versification, "Such numbers and such diction can gain regard only when they are used by a writer whose vigour of fancy, and copiousness of knowledge, entitle him to contempt of ornament, and who, in confidence of the novelty and justness of his conceptions, can afford to throw metaphors and epithets away." Surely this is not a fair estimate of Butler's genius. No one could, and no one has employed more ornaments, metaphors and epithets — of that kind which were required by the exigencies of a mock-heroic poem. Indeed, what is wit but inverted poetry? and perhaps every one who can be a great mock-heroic, is potentially a great serious poet—possessed at least of the same *materials*. Dr Johnson, however, is very successful in his defence of Butler's versification. No verse but this slipshod sort could have suited that attitude of cool and stationary scorn assumed by the poet, who seems always standing at his ease, and barely lifting up his finger to point at the objects of his contempt. Doggrel, too, furnished a more manageable medium for the immense learning he has introduced into his poem, as well as for those pithy and pointed sayings in which his genius revelled. Many readers find "Hudibras," from its scarcity of story, its obscure allusions, and its lengthened speeches, rather tedious, as it is; but if these—as Dryden suggests that they should—had been united to the heavy heroic verse, of which alone we think Butler, from his ear, was capable, or to drawling Spenserian, the result had been absolutely intolerable.

We come now to state the faults of Butler and of his principal poem. And, first, we name with shame and sorrow the filth and coarseness which pervade considerable portions of it. There is no attempt, indeed, to heat the imagination or excite the passions; but the allusions and the language are sometimes

very indelicate and offensive, and the worst is, the polluted passages are so interwoven with the tissue of the narrative that it is impossible to tear them away. We have in one or two places, as in lines 63, 64 of the first canto, avoided indecency by using the poet's own alterations, which appear in some of the early editions; but in all other cases, although we have done so from dire necessity and under protest, we have been obliged to leave his indelicacies as we found them. The story of "Hudibras" is generally felt to be rather meagre and uninteresting. Plot there is none; and the incidents are slender when compared to the description, the dialogue, and the art which are suspended on their thread. "Indeed, at last," as a critic remarks, "the story altogether fades away, and disappears" like a footpath lost in the thick umbrage of a copsewood. How inferior in interest the adventures in "Hudibras" to those of the book it elaborately imitates —*Don Quixote*—and the laughter produced by them how much less loud, less hearty, and less genial! The characters, too, in "Hudibras," are not so felicitous either in conception or in execution as the immortal Don and Sancho Panza. Where that fine spirit of romantic gallantry, of disinterested heroism, which shines under the brazen helmet, and through the crazy eyes, of the knight? Where the rich humour, the proverbial wisdom, the admirable compound of real and assumed simplicity, the fully-developed *gustativeness*, the *naïvete*, cunning, and matchless mother-wit, which distinguished that paragon of squires? And where, in "Hudibras," that poetic atmosphere which hovers over all the romance of Cervantes, where the ploughman, as he goes out to his labour, is heard singing the ancient ballad of Roncesvalles, and where the road of the adventurers strikes away into forests, mountains, the finest scenery of Spain, and is diversified, at every turn, by tales of love and travel, of battle and chivalry? You and the author both, indeed, learn at length rather to like Hudibras; but it is by dint of long laughing at him, it is the liking of calm and sovereign contempt, and it never rises, as in the case of Don Quixote, to love and admiration. Amidst the profusion of admirable wit in Butler's poem, there is not a little that is

forced and false. His learning, too, designed always to illustrate, often confuses and clouds his meaning, and acts like too much fuel heaped upon a small fire. His lines sometimes can hardly move under the load of far-fetched knowledge they are forced to bear. His allusions are so numerous and recondite, that some of them have baffled his most laborious commentator; and alike L'Estrange, and honest, pedantic Dr Gray, panting and perspiring, "toil after him in vain." His two grand faults we have reserved to the last. To one of them we have alluded already. "Hudibras," brilliant as it is in most of its parts, is, as a whole, "dull, somehow dull." The want of unity, of plan, of plot, of progressive interest, along with its learned allusions and wire-spun conversations, render it, as a whole, heavy. You read it—as an imperfect scholar reads a Latin book—as a task, and are astonished to find that you derive even so much pleasure from it. It is told of some Scottish wight that, beginning to read a dictionary, and being asked his opinion of it, he replied, that "the author seemed a sensible man, but no very *conneckit* in his observations, and that he could hardly at times see his drift." We suspect that this is the feeling of nine-tenths of the readers of "Hudibras." Separate passages are felt to be clear, vigorous, and amusing; but, as a whole, the book seems tiresome, bewildering, and obscure. That it does justice to the Puritans will now, we think, be contended by no one. Butler, with all his sense and discrimination, had not the moral insight which could give him free entrance into the hearts and intellects of these majestic men. He saw and caricatured their coarse exterior, their contempt of conventional proprieties, their superstitious hatred of superstition, and the grimaces and the jargon which disguised and disfigured their lion-like faces and their no less lion-like speech. He saw, too, that there had mixed itself up with their cause not a little real hypocrisy and cant, and that among their ranks were to be found many self-seekers, many bigots, many fanatics, and many mere worldlings, all pretending to a zeal and a piety which they either had not or had polluted with selfish elements. But he saw not that their cause, on the whole, was that of truth, of liberty, and of the Protest-

ant religion, and that they themselves, with all their faults and foibles, were men of the ancient heroic breed, combining the religious enthusiasm and heightened devotion of the Jews with the stalwart courage, iron energy, and slow, deep hate or love of the Roman character. He could laugh at the snivel of Vane, at the docked ears of Prynne, and at the red nose of Cromwell; but was blind, either by nature or wilfully, to the grandeur of the genius, to the enthusiasm, the resolution, the great social and religious ideas, and the terrible virtues, which were found below and within these mean and ludicrous insignia of manner and of person. The reaction that has taken place of late in behalf of the objects of Butler's hate and laughter, is so deep and final, that it is not necessary to defend them further against him; and it were an insult to them to imagine that the republication of his clever caricature could do any injury to their memory, embalmed as it is in the gratitude of every liberal, enlightened, and Christian heart.

Yet with all these faults, and we might have added to them a good deal of unintentional *profanity*, "Hudibras," and the other writings of its author, although they never can again be popular, must always have a high niche in the literature of Britain. They are, as a whole, original and unique. They are deep, although rough quarries of sense and art, of thought and knowledge. They have thrown light upon the general principles of human nature — they are identified with the history of a great period, and constitute the poetical protest of one of the principal religious parties in that critical era. For these and other reasons, they are destined long to survive.

It may be expected that, ere we close, we should supply some key to this confessedly obscure book we now present to our readers. We shall now proceed (besides the notes we have annexed to the text) shortly to analyze the different compartments of this strange poem.

The general object of "Hudibras" is to satirize the Roundheads; but, besides this, the author has no objections to take a little sport out of all the parties and persons who come across his path; and the bad poetry, the pretentious philosophy, the fashions, manners, the arts and sciences, of his age,

are all saluted with a touch *en passant* more or less withering. In the first canto, he sends out Hudibras and Ralpho upon an expedition against the follies and amusements of the age. Hudibras is generally supposed to be Sir Samuel Luke. This is founded upon the fact that Butler, in some of his other works, expressly calls Sir S. Luke, Hudibras. Yet some subtle writers, understanding the author's meaning better than himself, will have it that Hudibras was one Sir Henry Rosewell, of Devonshire. To the honour of being Ralpho, too, there have been several pretenders—the principal being one Isaac Robinson, a zealous butcher in Moorfields, and one Pemble, a tailor. Hudibras is a Presbyterian, and Ralpho an Independent—a diversity which the author employs in reflecting ridicule and contempt on both these sections of the Puritanic body. The first 600 lines are occupied in a description of the persons, gifts, and principles of this redoubted pair, diversified with the keenest side-satirical touches at the parties to which they belonged, and at certain of their more remarkable members, as well as at scholastic theologians and men of science generally. His heroes sally out in search of adventures, and reach Brentford, a market town eight miles west of London, where a bear-baiting is about to take place. The knight, agreeably to his principles, determines to prevent what he deems a heathenish practice, and propounds the propriety of doing so to Ralpho. They hold some logical discussion on the subject, in the course of which the author takes occasion to deal hard blows at "the Cause," as the Puritans called it, at Liberty of Conscience, the Solemn League and Covenant, the Assembly of Divines, and at the division of churches, made by the Presbyterians, into parishes, classes (*i. e.*, a number of parishes united into one jurisdictive body), provincial synods, and national synods. The worthy pair are about to go to loggerheads in the argument, when Hudibras, seeing the field of battle in sight, peremptorily shuts the debate, tells Ralpho to prepare for war, and spurs his own wall-eyed steed toward the scene of contest.

In the second canto, Hudibras and Ralpho reach the spot, and find their enemies assembled in full force—and them the

author pauses to describe. There is, first, Crowdero, the fiddler, who, according to L' Estrange, was one Jackson, a milliner in the Strand, who had lost a leg in the Parliamentary service, and been reduced to fiddle for his bread. Then comes Orsin, "marshal to the champion bear," an *alias* it is said for one Joshua Gisling, a Roundhead, who kept bears in Paris Garden, Southwark. (One would think that as Dante put all the Guelph faction in Hell, Butler had determined to put all the Roundheads in Hudibras.) Then comes Bruin, whom alone of this crew commentators cannot identify with any one of the hated party. Talgol is next, and he was, it appears, a butcher in Newmarket—name unknown—who obtained a captain's commission by his courage on the Parliamentary side, at Naseby. Then comes Magnano, otherwise Simon Wait, a tinker and a preacher, quoth L' Estrange—why not, say we, John Bunyan, the immortal tinker, preacher, and dreamer of Elstowe? Then appears Trulla, said to be daughter of one James Spencer. Cerdon comes next, a one-eyed cobbler, brother to Colonel Hewson, a renowned Roundhead. And lastly, Colon, namely Ned Perry, a hostler, brings, if we may be permitted a bad pun, this list to a period. Sooth to say, we have little faith in these identifications of L'Estrange. He says he got them from Butler himself; but, in the confusion of their cups, mistakes might be expected. It is a matter of little consequence. Each name in the list is chiefly valuable as a peg on which the author has hung his learning, his wit, and those sarcasms which break off at every angle, to scarify and scorch his opponents. The fight is just beginning, when the bold knight presses forward, and raises his voice in one of the lengthiest and most ludicrous orations in all the poem. To this, Talgol angrily replies, and then a fierce contest commences between them, in which, according to Homeric example, they are straightway joined by their squires—Ralpho, and the "incomparable Cerdon." The issue, after various success, is, that Hudibras routs the bear, disperses the rest of the crew, seizes on poor Crowdero, and puts him in the stocks, humorously described as a bastile.

In the third canto, the discomfited rout rally, and, greatly through the exertions of Trulla, turn the tide of victory—seize upon Hudibras and the squire, and clap them in the place of the fiddler, whom they relieve from his brief bondage. The twain, in no small degree irritated by their defeat, are left contesting the merits and demerits of their different systems of Presbytery and Independency. The whole of this canto is enlivened by right-hand and left-hand hits at scriveners and synods, at poets and presbyters, at war and at women, but especially at the thanksgiving-days and self-denying ordinances of the Puritans, and the lights and gifts of their brethren, the Ranters.

The first canto of Part II. introduces us more particularly to the heroine of the tale, who had been alluded to in the former canto. This is a wealthy widow, whom Hudibras has been courting for her jointure, but to little purpose. Hearing that he is in durance, she visits him with her train, and engages him in a long dialogue, less decorous than witty. She doubts the sincerity of his attachment, and after drawing him by a kind of Socratic dialogue into ridiculous dilemma after dilemma, she offers to relieve him from the stocks, and promises farther favours if he will prove his love by self-flagellation; an incident imitated from Cervantes, and, as Johnson says, "very suitable to the manners of that age and nation, which ascribed wonderful efficacy to voluntary penances, but so remote from the practice and opinions of the Hudibrastic time, that judgment and imagination are alike offended." He swears to whip himself accordingly, and is released, but prudently determines to defer the whipping till next day. The object of this canto is evidently to satirize the ordinary kinds of love and love poetry, and more than to insinuate that the saints of that age were as sensual, and more worldly in their loves than their neighbours.

Canto second opens with the released knight and squire riding to the spot where he had sworn to whip himself. Reluctant to fulfil his engagement, Hudibras starts the question whether saints are bound by ordinary oaths? He thinks decidedly not; and Ralpho betters the instruction, and in refer-

ence to the whipping, suggests that some one might lawfully become a substitute for the knight. Very adroitly, Hudibras suggests that no one would make a better scape-goat than Ralpho himself. The worthy squire backs out instantly from his proposal. This puts Hudibras in high chafe, and matters are looking serious and martial between them, when, hark! an extraordinary noise is heard, and a rabble rout are seen approaching. This is the famous old procession of the Skimmington (for meaning of which, see Note at the place). Hudibras, as usual, sets his face against the amusement, and has begun to harangue the mob, when a volley of rotten eggs, assailing him and his squire, compel them to spur their horses out of the field. The sting of this canto lies in the attempt made to identify the casuistic notions of the Jesuits, in regard to the obligation of oaths, with those of the Puritans, and to show how extremes may meet. Of course, we deem the view taken altogether unfair, but it is argued with marvellous dexterity.

In Canto third, Butler flies at somewhat different game. The knight on his way to the lady's house is seized with doubts as to his success in courtship, and wonders if as a saint he may consult a fortune-teller. Ralpho opines that he might consult the devil for that matter, and proposes that they should visit Sidrophel, a noted Rosicrucian. We need not detail the particulars of this very amusing canto. Sidrophel is said to be meant for William Lilly, the famous astrologer of that age, who in his yearly almanacs foretold victories for the Parliamentary army; and Whachum, his assistant, was one Tom Jones, a foolish Welchman. The romance of Kenilworth may be consulted as perhaps the best commentary on this canto; which is meant to cut with a double edge—first, against the quack salvers of that day and their dupes; and, second, against the Puritans, who, while pretending to be enemies of superstition, were believed secretly to tamper with, and to try to turn it to their own purposes.

There follows an heroical epistle of Hudibras to Sidrophel, which is said to have been occasioned by Sir Paul Neal, a conceited virtuoso, who constantly denied that Butler was the author of "Hudibras." He is served up to the reader here

along with a sauce of the bitterest contempt, and we find him again treated in the same way in "the Elephant in the Moon," a story founded on a mouse having got into his telescope, and being mistaken for an elephant. The unlucky wight *is* now the mouse in the telescope of "Hudibras" for ever more.

In the first canto of Part III., the knight visits the lady, who has previously, however, been primed by the treacherous Ralph, and who after he has told a tissue of lies about his flagellation, frightens him by pretended hobgoblins and devils (Sidrophel aiding), till he is compelled in reply to a kind of catechism to confess all the hypocritical arts and selfish objects with which his party were charged.

Canto second is entirely independent of Hudibras and Ralpho who are never mentioned. It is a general satire upon the Puritans. Cromwell and his son, Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert, are attacked by name; so are Calamy, Case, Byfield, Lentham; and that favourite of Butler's wrath, Pryn. Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, the versatile statesman, figures as "The Politician;" and that Ishmaelite, "free-born John" Lilburn, who opposed alike Charles and Cromwell, is the "brother haberdasher."

In canto third, the knight tries to gain the lady, or at least her hand, by applying to a lawyer, which gives the satirist a good opportunity of lashing the pettifoggers of his day. The lawyer advises him to draw her into an ensnaring correspondence, in order to get her to entrap herself. Hudibras accordingly indites an artful epistle; only the lady's reply, when it comes, baffles his purpose, and closes the poem. The knight's letter contains some sly allusions to those "gifted teachers" who were suspected of inveigling women's hearts; and the lady's answer, amidst many other palpable hits, satirizes Charles the Second for being so much governed by his mistresses, and forms thus the first earnest of that flood of bitter vengeance, which, we have ventured before to assert, death only prevented Butler from outpouring on the faithless and heartless tyrant.

It is rather curious to remember that the two best burlesque poems in the English language, "Hudibras" and "Don

Juan," are both fragments; and that, in reference to the first of these, at least, we have not the most distant data to guide us in conjecturing what was the ultimate plan or purpose of the poet, beyond, at least, the very probable conjecture that his vigorous and unsparing satire would have swept at last into the ranks of the ungrateful cavaliers. As it is, "Hudibras" now stands before us—not a sublime, unfinished temple consecrated to deities, whose worship was never to be celebrated therein—but a great, grotesque, nameless structure, reared half in sport and half in earnest, which excites in the minds of those who walk in it rather laughter than love, rather wonder than satisfaction, and which, after all the explanations given, is far more a problem than a poem.

HUDIBRAS,

IN THREE PARTS,

WRITTEN IN

THE TIME OF THE LATE WARS.

PART FIRST.

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Sir HUDIBRAS, his passing worth,
The manner how he sally'd forth,
His arms and equipage, are shown,
His horse's virtues, and his own:
Th' adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion, as for punk;

Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore ;
When Gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded ;
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick :
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.[1]
A wight he was whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,[2]
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade ;
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel[3] or for warrant ;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle.[4]
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of War, as well as Peace
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water) :
But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise or stout :
Some hold the one, and some the other ;
But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
The diff'rence was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain ;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.

[1] 'He rode a-colonelling:' the Knight (if Sir Samuel Luke was Mr Butler's hero) was not only a Colonel in the Parliament army, but also Scoutmaster-general in the counties of Bedford, Surrey, &c.—[2] 'Mirror of Knighthood:' there was a book so called; see Don Quixote, vol. i. c. 6, p. 48.—[3] 'Either for chartel:' chartel signifies a letter of defiance or challenge to a duel —
[4] 'Swaddle:' swaddle, bang, cudgel, or drub.

For 't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne,[1] playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir HUDIBRAS[2]
(For that's the name our valiant Knight
To all his challenges did write):
But they're mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no such.
We grant, altho' he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it,
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holidays or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, altho' they're found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty as sufficed
To make some think him circumcised:

[1] 'As Montaigne:' 'When I am playing with my cat,' says Montaigne, Essays, book ii. chap. 12, 'who knows whether she hath more sport in dallying with me than I have in gaming with her? We entertain one another with mutual apish tricks,' &c.—[2] 'Much more she would Sir Hudibras:' Geoffrey of Monmouth, Bishop of St Asaph, in his British History, makes mention of a British King of this name, who lived about the time of Solomon, and reigned thirty-nine years; he composed all dissensions among his people, and built Kaerlem or Canterbury, Kaerguen or Winchester, and the town of Paladur, now Shaftesbury. Mr Butler seems rather to allude to one of Spencer's knights: see Fairy Queen, book ii. canto 2, § 17.

And truly so perhaps he was,
'Tis many a pious Christian's case.
He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic:
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men[1] and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination.
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by;
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk:
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleased to show't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect;

[1] 'Committee-men:' alluding to the Committees appointed by the Parliament, in certain counties, to fine and imprison.

It was a party-colour'd dress
Of patch'd and piebald languages :
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin ;[1]
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if h' talk'd three parts in one ;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,
Or Cerberus himself[2] pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent ;
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large ;
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words,[3] with little or no wit ;
Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on ;
And, when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em ;
That had the orator,[4] who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
When he harangued, but known his phrase,
He would have used no other ways.
In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe,[5] or Erra Pater ;[6]
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale ;

[1] 'Like fustian heretofore on satin :' a fashion, from the manner of expression, probably not then in use, where the coarse fustian was pinked, or cut into holes, that the fine satin might appear through it.—[2] 'Or Cerberus himself:' Cerberus, the three-headed dog, porter of Hell.—[3] 'Could coin or counterfeit new words:' the Presbyterians coined a great number, such as out-goings, carryings-on, nothingness, workings-out, gospel-walking-times, &c.—[4] 'Orator:' Demosthenes.—[5] 'Tycho Brahe:' the great Danish mathematician.—[6] 'Erra Pater:' William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times.

Resolve by sines and tangents, straight,
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by algebra.
Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read every text and gloss over;
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood b' implicit faith;
Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go;
All which he understood by rote,
And, as occasion served, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell,
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce [1] all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts;
Where Entity and Quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly;
Where truth in person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.[2]
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly:
In school-divinity as able
As he that hight[3] IRREFRAGABLE;[4]

[1] 'Reduce:' satirizing the absurd subtleties of the old philosophers.—[2] 'Like words congeal'd in northern air:' see a ludicrous account of words freezing in Nova Zembla, Tatler, No. 254.—[3] 'Hight:' called.—[4] 'Irrefragable:' Alexander Hales, an Englishman, born in Gloucestershire, flourished about the year 1236, and was so deeply read in scholastic divinity, that he was called Doctor Irrefragabilis; that is, the Invincible Doctor.

A second Thomas,[1] or at once
To name them all, another Dunce :[2]
Profound in all the Nominal
And Real[3] ways beyond them all ;
For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as learned Sorbonist ;[4]
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
That's empty when the moon is full ;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice ;
As if Divinity had catch'd
The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd ;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to show with how small pain
The sores of Faith are cured again ;
Altho' by woful proof we find
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies ;
And, as he was disposed, could prove it
Below the moon, or else above it ;
What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
Came from her closet in his side ;
Whether the devil tempted her
By a High Dutch interpreter ;

[1] 'A second Thomas :' Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican friar, was born in 1224, studied at Cologne and at Paris. He new modelled the school divinity, and was therefore called the Angelic Doctor, and Eagle of Divines.—[2] 'Dunce :' Johannes Dunscotus, a very learned man, and a great opponent of Thomas Aquinas, lived about the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth century.—[3] 'Nominal and real :' Gulielmus Occham was Father of the Nominals, and Johannes Dunscotus of the Reals.—[4] 'Sorbonist :' Sorbon, the oldest university of Paris. He alludes to an old story about the Devil appearing as a Sorbon Doctor, but baffled when attempting to twist a rope of sand.

If either of them had a navel ;
Who first made music malleable ;[1]
Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all :
All this, without a gloss or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, such as men smatter,
When they throw out, and miss the matter.
For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit :
'Twas Presbyterian true blue ;[2]
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant Saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant ;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun ;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery ;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks ;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done ;
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended :
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies ;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss :
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick ;

[1] 'Who first made music malleable :' Pythagoras, who first married music to mathematics.—[2] 'Twas Presbyterian true blue :' see note on Part III. Canto ii. ver. 870.

That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way ;[1]
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite :
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow :
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin :
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly ;
Quarrel with minced-pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge ;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard thro' the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass[2] and widgeon,[3]
To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so link'd,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got th' advowson of his conscience.
Thus was he gifted and accouter'd—
We mean on th' inside, not the outward ;
That next of all we shall discuss ;
Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus :
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face ;

[1] 'That with more care keep holiday—The wrong, than others the right way :' they kept a fast upon Christmas-day.—[2] 'Ass :' Mahomet's famous Alborak, on which he rode to Heaven.—[3] 'Widgeon :' his celebrated pigeon, which was said to whisper oracles in his ear.

In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile :
The upper part whereof was whey,
The nether orange, mix'd with gray.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns ;
With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government ;
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the State's were made :
Like Samson's heart-breakers,[1] it grew
In time to make a nation rue ;
Tho' it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfal.
It was monastic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow ;
Of rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordelier :[2]
'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
And martyrdom, with resolution ;
T' oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed State,
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortured,
Reviled, and spit upon, and martyr'd ;
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
As long as monarchy should last ;
But, when the State should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of State ;

[1] 'Heart-breakers :' love-locks.—[2] 'Cordelier :' a grey friar of the Franciscan order, so called from a cord full of knots which he wears about his middle.

Whose thread of life the Fatal Sisters[1]
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that Time should never
In life or death, their fortunes sever;
But with his rusty sickle mow,
Both down together at a blow.
So learned Taliacotius,[2] from
The brawny part of Porter's bum,
Cut supplemental noses, which
Would last as long as parent breech;
But when the date of Nock[3] was out,
Off dropt the sympathetic snout.
His back, or rather burden, show'd
As if it stoop'd with its own load:
For as Æneas bore his sire,
Upon his shoulders thro' the fire,
Our Knight did bear no less a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back:
Which now had almost got the upper-
Hand of his head, for want of crupper.
To poise this equally, he bore
A paunch of the same bulk before,
Which still he had a special care
To keep well-cramm'd with thrifty fare;
As white-pot,[4] butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country-house affords;
With other victual, which anon
We further shall dilate upon,
When of his hose we come to treat,
The cupboard, where he kept his meat.

[1] 'Fatal Sisters:' Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, the Three Destinies.—[2] 'Learned Taliacotius:' Gasper Tialiacotius was born at Bononia, A.D. 1553, and was professor of physic and surgery there. He died 1599. He excelled in ingrafting noses, ears, lips, &c.—[3] 'Nock:' a cant name for Cromwell.—[4] 'White-pot:' a Devonshire dish.

His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And tho' not sword, yet cudgel-proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.
His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the Siege of Bullen;[1]
To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Thro' they were lined with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black-puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood:
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry victual in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise:
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t'other magazine,
They stoutly in defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood;
And till they were storm'd, and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt.
And tho' knights-errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough deserts vast,
And regions desolate, they pass'd,
Where belly-timber, above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they grazed, there's not one word
Of their provision on record;
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs but to fight.

[1] 'The Siege of Bullen:' Boulogne, besieged by King Henry VIII. in person July 14, 1544, and surrendered in September.

'Tis false ; for Arthur wore in hall
Round table, like a farthingal,
On which, with shirts pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights dined.
Though 'twas no table some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk hose,
In which he carried as much meat
As he and all his knights could eat,
When, laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts, or their nuncheons. [1]
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digress'd,
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpose come.

His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd ;
With basket-hilt, that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both :
In it he melted lead for bullets,
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty, [2]
For want of fighting, was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.
The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt ;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not show its face.

[1] 'Nuncheons :' an afternoon meal, like the Scotch 'four-hours.'—[2] 'Toledo trusty :' the capital city of New Castile.

In many desperate attempts
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder.
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And pris'ners too, or made them run.
  This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age,
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do:
It was a serviceable dudgeon,[1]
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon, tho' it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care:
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,[2]
Where this and more it did endure;
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.
  In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,
Two aged pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get:
These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent;
And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
As cleverly as th' ablest trap.
They were upon hard duty still,
And ev'ry night stood centinel,

[1] 'Dudgeon:' small dagger.—[2] 'Brewer:' alluding to Cromwell's original trade.

To guard the magazine i' th' hose
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.
Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home, set forth to fight.
But first, with nimble active force,
He got on th' outside of his horse ;
For having but one stirrup tied
T' his saddle, on the further side,
It was so short, h' had much ado
To reach it with his desp'rate toe :
But, after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle-eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' seat,
With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he used instead of rein.
But, now we talk of mounting steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to say something
Of that which bore our valiant Bumkin.
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall ;
I would say eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, tho' some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his gait
Preserved a grave, majestic state ;
At spur or switch no more he skipt,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt ; [1]

[1] 'Than Spaniard whipt :' alluding to the story in the fable, Sir Roger L'Estrange's 'Fables,' vol. ii. fab. 142, of the Spaniard under the lash, who made a point of honour of it not to mend his pace for the saving his body, and marched gravely off the stage.

And yet so fiery, he would bound,
As if he grieved to touch the ground ;
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,[1]
Was not by half so tender hooft,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft ;
And as that beast would kneel and stoop
(Some write) to take his rider up ;
So Hudibras his ('tis well known)
Would often do to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back ;
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight, gall'd full as bad.
His strutting ribs on both sides show'd
Like furrows he himself had plough'd :
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
'Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel.
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would flirt.
Still as his tender side he prick'd,
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd kick'd ;
For Hudibras wore but one spur,
As wisely knowing, could he stir
To active trot one side of 's horse,
The other would not hang an a—e.
A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half,
Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one :
And when we can, with metre safe,
We'll call him so ; if not, plain Raph

[1] 'Had corns upon his feet and toes:' Julius Cæsar, according to Suetonius, had a horse with feet like a man's.

(For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses):
An equal stock of wit and valour
He had laid in, by birth a tailor.
The mighty Tyrian Queen,[1] that gain'd,
With subtle shreds, a tract of land,
Did leave it, with a castle fair,
To his great ancestor, her heir;
From him descended cross-legg'd knights,
Famed for their faith,[2] and warlike fights
Against the bloody Cannibal,[3]
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squire, he had, as well
As the bold Trojan Knight,[4] seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold lace:
His knowledge was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way [5] came by't:
Some call it Gifts, and some New-light;
A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wit was sent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken;
Like commendation ninepence [6] crook'd,
With—To and from my Love—it look'd.
He ne'er consider'd it, as loath
To look a gift-horse in the mouth,
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth;

[1] 'Tyrian Queen:' Queen Dido; see Virgil, 1st Eneid.—[2] 'Faith:' the trust of tailors.—[3] 'Cannibal:' a 'familiar beast to man, and signifies love.'—[4] 'Trojan Knight:' Eneas; see Eneid 6th.—[5] 'Another way:' referring to Independents and Anabaptists.—[6] 'Ninepence:' an old coin, a ninepenny piece once used, and often bent as a love-token, like a sixpence in after times.

But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too:
For Saints themselves will sometimes be
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff,
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle;
For as of vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'er beside their way;
Whate'er men speak by this new light,
Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a dark lantern of the Spirit,
Which none see by but those that bear it;
A light[1] that falls down from on high,
For spiritual trades to cozen by;
An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches
And leads men into pools and ditches,
To make them dip[2] themselves, and sound
For Christendom in dirty pond;
To dive,[2] like wild-fowl, for salvation,
And fish to catch regeneration.
This light inspires and plays upon
The nose of Saint, like bagpipe drone,
And speaks through hollow empty soul,
As thro' a trunk, or whisp'ring hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But spiritual eaves-droppers can hear:
So Phœbus, or some friendly Muse,
Into small poets song infuse,
Which they at second-hand rehearse,
Thro' reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.

[1] 'A light:' referring to the skylights in mercers' shops which show off their goods.—[2] 'Dip,' 'Dive:' Anabaptism.

Thus Ralph became infallible,
As three or four-legg'd[1] oracle,
The ancient cup,[2] or modern chair,[3]
Spoke truth point-blank, tho' unaware.
For mystic learning, wondrous able
In magic talisman and cabal,[4]
Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches:
Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences;
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' intelligible world, could say;
A deep occult philosopher,
As learn'd as the wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa,[5] for profound
And solid lying much renown'd;
He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen understood;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm:
In Rosicrucian lore as learn'd
As he that *verè adeptus*[6] earn'd:
He understood the speech of birds
As well as they themselves do words:
Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;
What member[7] 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry Rope, and Walk, Knave, walk.
He'd extract numbers out of matter,[8]

[1] 'Three-legg'd:' the tripod of Delphi.—[2] 'Cup:' Joseph's charming cup.—[3] 'Chair:' Pope's infallible chair.—[4] 'Talisman and cabal:' instruments of magic.—[5] 'Agrippa' (Cornelius), 'Floud' (Fludd), 'J. Behmen:' three mystical philosophers.—[6] '*Verè adeptus:*' an alchymist.—[7] 'What member:' alluding to two floating stories about two members of Parliament, Tomlinson and Hewson.
[8] 'He'd extract numbers out of matter:' a sneer probably upon the Pythagoreans and Platonists for their explication of generation.

And keep them in a glass, like water.
Of sovereign power to make men wise ;
For, dropp'd in blear thick-sighted eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like owls, tho' purblind in the light.
By help of these (as he profess'd)
He had First Matter seen undress'd ;
He took her naked, all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.
The Chaos, too, he had descry'd,
And seen quite thro', or else he lied :
Not that of Pasteboard, which men shew
For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew ;
But its great grandsire, first o' th' name,
Whence that and Reformation came ;
Both cousins-german, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the rabble.
But Reformation was, some say,
O' th' younger house to puppet-play.
He could foretel whats'ever was
By consequence to come to pass :
As death of great men, alterations,
Diseases, battles, inundations ;
All this without th' eclipse of the sun,
Or dreadful comet, he hath done
By inward light, a way as good,
And easy to be understood ;
But with more lucky hit than those
That use to make the stars depose,
Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsely charge
Upon themselves what others forge :
As if they were consenting to
All mischiefs in the world men do ;
Or, like the Devil, did tempt and sway 'em,

To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll search a planet's house, to know
Who broke and robb'd a house below ;
Examine Venus, and the Moon,
Who stole a thimble or a spoon :
And tho' they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very looks can guess,
And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
Who stole, and who received the goods :
They'll question Mars, and, by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd [1] a cloak :
Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
Those thieves which he himself did teach.
They'll find, i' th' physiognomies
O' th' planets, all men's destinies :
Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill :
Cast the nativity o' th' question,
And from positions to be guess'd on,
As sure as if they knew the moment
Of Native's birth, tell what will come on't.
They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs ;
And tell what crisis does divine
The rot in sheep, or mange in swine ;
In men, what gives or cures the itch ;
What makes them cuckolds, poor, or rich ;
What gains or loses, hangs or saves ;
What makes men great, what fools or knaves ;
But not what wise, for only of those
The stars (they say) cannot dispose,[2]
No more than can the astrologians ;
There they say right, and like true Trojans ;

[1] 'Nimm'd :' stole.—[2] 'Dispose :' deceive.

This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other course,[1] of which we spoke.
Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endued
With gifts and knowledge, per'lous shrewd:
Never did trusty Squire with Knight,
Or Knight with Squire e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit;
Their valours, too, were of a rate,
And out they sally'd at the gate.
Few miles on horseback had they jogged,
But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged;
For they a sad adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat:
But ere we venture to unfold
Achievements so resolved and bold,
We should, as learned poets use,
Invoke th' assistance of some Muse,
However critics count it sillier
Than jugglers talking to familiar;
We think 'tis no great matter which;
They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus do we accost:
Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vicars,[2]
And force them, tho' it was in spite
Of Nature, and their stars, to write;
Who (as we find in sullen writs,
And cross-grain'd works of modern wits)
With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the ignorant,

[1] 'Other course:' *religious* imposture.—[2] 'Withers, Pryn, and Vicars:' three poetasters of the period.

The praises of the author penn'd
B' himself, or wit-insuring friend;
The itch of picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't,
All that is left o' th' forked hill[1]
To make men scribble without skill;
Canst make a poet, spite of Fate,
And teach all people to translate,
Tho' out of languages in which
They understand no part of speech:
Assist me but this once, I 'mplore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.
In western clime there is a town,[2]
To those that dwell therein well known,
Therefore there needs no more be said here,
We unto them refer our reader;
For brevity is very good,
When w' are, or are not understood.
To this town people did repair
On days of market, or of fair,
And to crack'd fiddle, and hoarse tabor,
In merriment did drudge and labour.
But now a sport more formidable
Had raked together village rabble;
'Twas an old way of recreating,
Which learned butchers call Bear-baiting;
A bold advent'rous exercise,
With ancient heroes in high prize:
For authors do affirm it came
From Isthmian or Nemean game;
Others derive it from the Bear
That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,

[1] 'Forked hill:' Parnassus.—[2] 'There is a town:' Brentford, which is eight miles west from London.

And round about the pole does make
A circle, like a bear at stake,
That at the chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the rabble-rout.
For after solemn proclamation
In the Bear's name (as is the fashion
According to the law of arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms),
That none presume to come so near
As forty feet of stake of Bear ;
If any yet be so fool-hardy,
T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
If they come wounded off, and lame,
No honour's got by such a maim ;
Altho' the Bear gain much, being bound
In honour to make good his ground,
When he's engaged, and takes no notice,
If any press upon him, who 'tis,
But lets them know, at their own cost,
That he intends to keep his post.
This to prevent, and other harms,
Which always wait on feats of arms
(For, in the hurry of a fray,
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way),
Thither the Knight his course did steer,
To keep the peace 'twixt Dog and Bear,
As he believed he was bound to do
In conscience and commission too ;
And therefore thus bespoke the Squire :
  We that are wisely mounted higher
Than constables in curule wit,
When on tribunal bench we sit,
Like speculators should foresee,
From Pharos[1] of authority,

[1] 'Pharos :' the celebrated lighthouse on that island, 500 feet high.

Portended mischiefs further than
Low Proletarian[1] tything-men ;
And therefore, being inform'd, by bruit,
That Dog and Bear are to dispute ;
For so of late men fighting name,
Because they often prove the same ;
(For where the first does hap to be,
The last does *coincidere*) ;
Quantum in nobis, have thought good
To save th' expense of Christian blood,
And try if we by mediation
Of treaty and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compose
The bloody duel, without blows.
Are not our liberties, our lives,
The laws, religion, and our wives,
Enough at once to lie at stake
For Cov'nant and the Cause's sake ;
But in that quarrel Dogs and Bears,
As well as we, must venture theirs?
This feud, by Jesuits invented,
By evil counsel is fomented ;
There is a Machiavellian plot
(Tho' ev'ry *nare olfact*[2] is not),
And deep design in't to divide
The well-affected that confide,
By setting brother against brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies *plus satis*,
That *cane*[3] *et angue pejus* hate us ;
And shall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our own selves, without cause ?

[1] 'Proletarian :' the poorest of the people.—[2] '*Nare olfact :*' nose smell.—[3] '*Cane*,' &c. : "worse than dog and serpent."

That some occult design doth lie
In bloody cynarctomachy[1]
Is plain enough to him that knows
How Saints lead Brothers by the nose.
I wish myself a pseudo-prophet,
But sure some mischief will come of it,
Unless by providential wit,
Or force, we averruncate[2] it.
For what design, what interest,
Can beast have to encounter beast?
They fight for no espoused Cause,
Frail Privilege,[3] fundamental Laws;
Nor for a thorough Reformation,
Nor Covenant, nor Protestation,
Nor Liberty of consciences,
Nor Lords and Commons' Ordinances;
Nor for the Church, nor for Church-lands,
To get them into their own hands;
Nor evil Counsellors to bring
To justice, that seduce the King;
Nor for the worship of us men,
Tho' we have done as much for them.
Th' Egyptians worshipp'd dogs, and for
Their faith made internecine war.
Others adored a rat, and some
For that Church suffer'd martyrdom.
The Indians fought for the truth
Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth;
And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out *mordicus* to death;
But no beast ever was so slight,
For man, as for his God, to fight.

[1] 'Cynarctomachy:' a pedantic rendering of the words 'fighting between dog and bear.'—[2] 'Averruncate:' *i. e.* weed it out.—[3] 'Privilege:' of Parliament, violated in the case of the five members.

They have more wit, alas! and know
Themselves and us better than so:
But we, who only do infuse
The rage in them like *boute-feus;*
'Tis our example that instils
In them th' infection of our ills.
For, as some late philosophers
Have well observed, beasts that converse
With man, take after him, as hogs
Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs;
Just so, by our example, cattle
Learn to give one another battle.
We read, in Nero's time, the Heathen,
When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,
They sew'd them in the skins of bears,
And then set dogs about their ears;
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
Of this lewd Antichristian game.
  To this quoth Ralpho, Verily
The point seems very plain to me;
It is an Antichristian game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
First, for the name; the word Bear-baiting
Is carnal, and of man's creating;
For certainly there's no such word
In all the Scripture on record;
Therefore unlawful, and a sin.
And so is (secondly) the thing;
A vile assembly 'tis, that can
No more be proved by Scripture than
Provincial, Classic, National,
Mere human-creature cobwebs all.
Thirdly, it is idolatrous;
For when men run a-whoring thus

With their inventions, whatsoe'er
The thing be, whether Dog or Bear,
It is idolatrous and Pagan,
No less than worshipping of Dagon.
  Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate;
For though the thesis which thou lay'st
Be true *ad amussim*,[1] as thou say'st
(For that Bear-baiting should appear
Jure divino lawfuller
Than Synods are, thou dost deny
Totidem verbis; so do I):
Yet there's a fallacy in this;
For if, by sly *homœosis*,[2]
Tussis pro crepitu, an art,
Under a cough to slur a f—t,
Thou wouldst sophistically imply.
Both are unlawful, I deny.
  And I (quoth Ralpho) do not doubt
But Bear-baiting may be made out,
In Gospel times, as lawful as is
Provincial, or Parochial Classis;[3]
And that both are so near of kin,
And like in all, as well as sin,
That put 'em in a bag, and shake 'em,
Your self o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,
And not know which is which, unless
You measure by their wickedness:
For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
O' th' two is worst, tho' I name neither.
  Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st much,
But art not able to keep touch.

[1] '*Ad amussim:*' exactly.—[2] 'Homœosis:' an explanation of a thing by something resembling it.—[3] 'Classis:' referring to the Synods and Sessions of Presbytery.

Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id est, to make a leek a cabbage ;
Thou wilt at best but suck a bull,
Or shear swine, all cry, and no wool ;
For what can Synods have at all,
With Bear that's analogical ?
Or what relation has debating
Of Church-affairs with Bear-baiting ?
A just comparison still is
Of things *ejusdem generis :*
And then what *genus* rightly doth
Include and comprehend them both ?
If animal, both of us may
As justly pass for Bears as they ;
For we are animals no less,
Altho' of different specieses.
But, Ralpho, this is no fit place,
Nor time, to argue out the case ;
For now the field is not far off,
Where we must give the world a proof
Of deeds, not words, and such as suit
Another manner of dispute :
A controversy that affords
Actions for arguments, not words ;
Which we must manage at a rate
Of prowess and conduct adequate
To what our place and fame doth promise,
And all the Godly expect from us.
Nor shall they be deceived, unless
We're slurr'd and outed by success :
Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit ;
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate.

Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
Great actions are not always true sons
Of great and mighty resolutions;
Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth
Events still equal to their worth:
But sometimes fail, and in their stead,
Fortune and cowardice succeed.
Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
Our actions still have borne us out;
Which tho' they're known to be so ample,
We need not copy from example;
We're not the only person durst
Attempt this province, nor the first.
In northern clime a val'rous Knight
Did whilom kill his Bear in fight,
And wound a Fiddler; we have both
Of these the objects of our wroth,
And equal fame and glory from
Th' attempt of victory to come.
'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mamaluke
In foreign land, yclep'd ———[1]
To whom we have been oft compared
For person, parts, address, and beard;
Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same cause both have fought:
He oft, in such attempts as these,
Came off with glory and success;
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal resolution.
Honour is like a widow, won
With brisk attempt and putting on;

[1] 'Yclep'd:' some supply 'Sir Samuel Luke.' He was Governor of Newport-Pagnel in Bucks, and a Puritan.

With ent'ring manfully, and urging,
Not slow approaches, like a virgin.
This said, as erst the Phrygian Knight,
So ours with rusty steel did smite
His Trojan horse,[1] and just as much
He mended pace upon the touch;
But from his empty stomach groan'd,
Just as that hollow beast did sound,
And angry answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd tail, and blast of wind.
So have I seen, with armed heel,
A wight bestride a Commonweal,[2]
While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
The less the sullen jade has stirr'd.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies' best men of war,
Whom, in a bold harangue, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight:
H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fiddler prisoner,
Conveys him to enchanted castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.

THERE was an ancient sage philosopher,
That had read Alexander Ross[3] over,

[1] 'His Trojan horse,' &c.: alluding to Laocoon, who, suspecting the treachery of the Grecians, smote their wooden horse with a spear.—[2] 'A wight bestride a Commonweal:' alluding probably to Richard Cromwell.—[3] 'Alexander Ross' was a Scotch divine, and one of the chaplains to King Charles I.: he wrote a book, entitled 'A View of all Religions in the World from the Creation to his own Time.'

And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love.
Just so romances are, for what else
Is in them all but love and battles ?
O' th' first of these we have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter,
In which to do the injured right,
We mean, in what concerns just fight ;
Certes our authors are to blame,
For to make some well-sounding name
A pattern fit for modern knights
To copy out in frays and fights
(Like those that a whole street do raze,
To build a palace in the place),[1]
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, so they can
Make up some fierce dead-doing man,
Composed of many ingredient valours,
Just like the manhood of nine tailors.
So a wild Tartar, when he spies
A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit ;
As if just so much he enjoy'd
As in another is destroy'd :
For when a giant's slain in fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright
It is a heavy case, no doubt,
A man should have his brains beat out

[1] 'A whole street do raze,—To build a palace in the place :' alluding probably to the building of Somerset House in the Strand, in the reign of King Edward VI., for which many churches and other buildings were pulled down.

Because he's tall, and has large bones,
As men kill beavers for their stones.
But as for our part, we shall tell
The naked truth of what befel;
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
With neither faction shall take part,
But give to each his due desert;
And never coin a formal lie on't,
To make the knight o'ercome the giant.
This being profess'd, we've hopes enough,
And now go on where we left off.
They rode, but authors having not
Determined whether pace or trot
(That is to say, whether *tollutation*,
As they do term't, or *succussation*),
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppose they did, no matter how:
Yet some from subtle hints have got
Mysterious light, it was a trot.
But let that pass: They now begun
To spur their living engines on:
For as whipp'd tops and bandy'd balls,
The learned[1] hold, are animals;
So horses they affirm to be
Mere engines made by geometry,
And were invented first from engines,
As Indian Britons[2] were from Penguins.
So let them be, and, as I was saying,
They their live engines ply'd, not staying

[1] 'The learned:' Des Cartes.—[2] 'Indian Britons:' a hit at those who, from the word Penguin, the name of a bird, held that American Indians were sprung from the Britons. 'They might as well,' means Butler to say, 'be sprung from the birds themselves.'

Until they reach'd the fatal champain
Which th' enemy did then encamp on ;
The dire Pharsalian plain, where battle
Was to be waged 'twixt puissant cattle,
And fierce auxiliary men
That came to aid their brethren,
Who now began to take the field,
As Knight from ridge of steed beheld.
For as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a pick-back on the old,
Much further off, much further he,
Raised on his aged beast, could see ;
Yet not sufficient to descry
All postures of the enemy :
Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
T' observe their numbers and their order ;
That when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Meanwhile he stopp'd his willing steed,
To fit himself for martial deed :
Both kinds of metal he prepared,
Either to give blows, or to ward ;
Courage and steel, both of great force,
Prepared for better, or for worse.
His death-charged pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preserving victual ;
These being primed, with force he labour'd
To free 's sword from retentive scabbard ;
And after many a painful pluck,
From rusty durance he bail'd tuck :
Then shook himself, to see that prowess
In scabbard of his arms sat loose :
And, raised upon his desp'rate foot,
On stirrup-side he gazed about,

Portending blood, like blazing star,
The beacon of approaching war.
Ralpho rode on with no less speed
Than Hugo in the forest did;
But far more in returning made:
For now the foe he had survey'd,
Ranged, as to him they did appear,
With van, main-battle, wings, and rear.
I' th' head of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero[1] march'd, expert and able.
Instead of trumpet and of drum,
That makes the warrior's stomach come,
Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer
By thunder turn'd to vinegar
(For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind to combat?);
A squeaking engine he apply'd
Unto his neck, on north-east side,
Just where the hangman does dispose,
To special friends, the knot of noose:
For 'tis great grace, when statesmen straight
Despatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped ear hung o'er the strings,
Which was but souse to chitterlings:
For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,
Are fit for music, or for pudden:
From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
Of minstrelsy, by string or wind.
His grisly beard was long and thick,
With which he strung his fiddlestick;
For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe
For what on his own chin did grow.

[1] 'Crowdero:' so called from *croud*, a fiddle.

Chiron, the four-legg'd bard,[1] had both
A beard and tail of his own growth;
And yet by authors 'tis averr'd,
He made use only of his beard.
In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth
Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth;
Where bulls do choose the boldest king,
And ruler o'er the men of string
(As once in Persia, 'tis said,
Kings were proclaim'd by a horse that neigh'd[2]);
He, bravely vent'ring at a crown,
By chance of war was beaten down,
And wounded sore: his leg, then broke,
Had get a deputy of oak;
For when a shin in fight is cropp'd,
The knee with one of timber 's propp'd,
Esteem'd more honourable than the other,
And takes place, tho' the younger brother.
Next march'd brave Orsin, famous for
Wise conduct, and success in war;
A skilful leader, stout, severe,
Now Marshal to the champion Bear.
With truncheon tipp'd with iron head,
The warrior to the lists he led;
With solemn march, and stately pace,
But far more grave and solemn face;
Grave as the Emperor of Pegu,
Or Spanish potentate Don Diego.
This leader was of knowledge great,
Either for charge, or for retreat;
He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
To fall back and retreat as well.

[1] 'Chiron, the four-legg'd bard:' Chiron, half a man, half a beast, a Centaur, son to Saturn and Phillyris.—[2] 'Proclaim'd by a horse that neigh'd:' Darius was declared king of Persia in this manner, as is related by Herodotus.

So lawyers, lest the Bear defendant,
And plaintiff Dog, should make an end on't,
Do stave and tail with writs of error,
Reverse of judgment, and demurrer,
To let them breathe awhile, and then
Cry Whoop! and set them on again.
As Romulus a wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nursed by a bear,
That fed him with the purchased prey
Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
Bred up where discipline most rare is,
In military Garden Paris.[1]
For soldiers heretofore did grow[2]
In gardens, just as weeds do now;
Until some splay-foot politicians
T' Apollo offer'd up petitions,
For licensing a new invention
They'd found out of an antique engine,
To root out all the weeds that grow
In public gardens at a blow,
And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,
My friends, that is not to be done:
Not done! quoth Statesmen; Yes, an't please ye,
When 'tis once known, you'll say 'tis easy.
Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo;
We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.
A drum! (quoth Phœbus), troth that's true,
A pretty invention, quaint and new:
But though of voice and instrument
We are th' undoubted president,

[1] 'In military Garden Paris:' in Southwark, so called from its possessor; it was the place were bears were formerly baited.—[2] 'Soldiers heretofore did grow:' this is a satire on the London butchers, who formed a great body in the militia.

We such loud music do not profess,
The Devil's master of that office,
Where it must pass; if 't be a drum,
He'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*[1]
To him apply yourselves, and he
Will soon despatch you for his fee.
They did so, but it proved so ill,
They'd better let 'em grow there still.
But, to resume what we discoursing
Were on before, that is, stout Orsin;
That which so oft by sundry writers
Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters,
More justly may b' ascribed to this,
Than any other warrior (*viz.*)
None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a chieftain and a soldier.
He was of great descent, and high
For splendour and antiquity;
And from celestial origin
Derived himself in a right line;
Not as the ancient heroes did,
Who, that their base births might be hid
(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a windore),
Made Jupiter himself, and others
O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a race of champions
(Of which old Homer first made lampoons);
Arctophylax,[2] in northern sphere,
Was his undoubted ancestor;

[1] '*Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*:' the House of Commons granted licences for new inventions, which, as well as their orders, were signed by the clerk of the House. Butler has borrowed the method of drums from Boccalini.—[2] 'Arctophylax, in northern sphere:' the star near Ursa Major, called Boötes.

From him his great forefathers came,
And in all ages bore his name :
Learned he was in med'c'nal lore,
For by his side a pouch he wore,
Replete with strange hermetic powder,
That wounds nine miles point-blank would solder ;
By skilful chymist, with great cost,
Extracted from a rotten post ;
But of a heav'nlier influence
Than that which mountebanks dispense ;
Tho' by Promethean fire made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For, as when slovens do amiss
At others' doors, by stool or piss,
The learned[1] write, a red-hot spit
Being prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey mischief from the dung
Unto the part that did the wrong ;
So this did healing, and as sure
As that did mischief, this would cure.
  Thus virtuous Orsin was endued
With learning, conduct, fortitude,
Incomparable : and as the prince
Of poets, Homer, sung long since,
A skilful leech is better far
Than half a hundred men of war ;
So he appear'd, and by his skill,
No less than dint of sword, could kill.
  The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
With visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin ;

[1] 'Learned :' Sir Kenelm Digby.

Clad in a mantle *della guerre*
Of rough impenetrable fur;
And in his nose, like Indian king,
He wore, for ornament, a ring;
About his neck a threefold gorget,[1]
As rough as trebled leathern target;
Armed, as heralds, cant and langued,[2]
Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged:
For as the teeth in beasts of prey
Are swords, with which they fight in fray,
So swords, in men of war, are teeth,
Which they do eat their victual with.
He was by birth, some authors write,
A Russian, some a Muscovite,
And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
Of whom we in diurnals read,
That serve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there.
Scrimansky was his cousin-german,[3]
With whom he served, and fed on vermin;
And when these fail'd, he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws.
And tho' his countrymen, the Huns,
Did stew their meat between their bums
And th' horses' backs o'er which they straddle,
And ev'ry man ate up his saddle;
He was not half so nice as they,
But ate it raw when't came in's way:
He had traced countries far and near,
More than Le Blanc the traveller,

[1] 'Gorget:' a neck-piece of plate.—[2] 'Langued:' langued (*langué* or *lampasse* in French) in heraldry signifies the tongue of an animal hanging out, generally of a different colour from the body.—[3] 'Scrimansky was his cousin-german:' probably a noted bear in those times, to whose name a Polish or Cossack termination of *sky* is given.

Who writes, he spoused in India,
Of noble house, a lady gay,
And got on her a race of worthies,
As stout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and Orsin oft had been ;
Each striving to deserve the crown
Of a saved citizen ; the one
To guard his Bear, the other fought
To aid his Dog ; both made more stout
By several spurs of neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and blood ;
But Talgol, mortal foe to cows,
Never got ought of him but blows ;
Blows, hard and heavy, such as he
Had lent, repaid with usury.
Yet Tagol was of courage stout,
And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought :
Inured to labour, sweat, and toil,
And, like a champion, shone with oil :
Right many a widow his keen blade,
And many fatherless had made ;
He many a boar and huge dun cow
Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow : [1]
But Guy, with him in fight compared,
Had like the boar or dun cow fared.
With greater troops of sheep h' had fought
Than Ajax, or bold Don Quixote ;
And many a serpent of fell kind,
With wings before and stings behind,[2]

[1] 'Like another Guy, o'erthrow :' Guy, Earl of Warwick, in the beginning of tenth century, is reported to have killed a dun cow.—[2] 'With wings before, and stings behind :' the wasp or hornet, which is troublesome to butchers' shops in the heat of summer.

Subdued; as poets say, long agone,
Bold Sir George, Saint George, did the Dragon.
Nor engine, nor device polemic,
Disease, nor doctor epidemic,
Though stored with deletery med'cines
(Which whosoever took is dead since),
E'er sent so vast a colony
To both the under worlds as he;
For he was of that noble trade,
That demi-gods and heroes made;
Slaughter, and knocking on the head,
The trade to which they all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but base if mean:
The former rides in triumph for it;
The latter in a two wheel'd chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So sacred with vile bungling.
  Next these the brave Magnano came,
Magnano, great in martial fame:
Yet when with Orsin he waged fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by 't.
Yet he was fierce as forest boar,
Whose spoils upon his back he wore,
As thick as Ajax' seven-fold shield,
Which o'er his brazen arms he held;
But brass was feeble to resist
The fury of his armed fist;
Nor could the hardest iron hold out
Against his blows, but they would thro 't.
  In magic he was deeply read,
As he that made the Brazen Head;[1]

[1] 'He that made the brazen head:' Roger Bacon.

Profoundly skill'd in the black art,
As English Merlin [1] for his heart;
But far more skilful in the spheres
Than he was at the sieve and shears.
He could transform himself in colour
As like the Devil as a collier;
As like as hypocrites, in show,
Are to true saints, or crow to crow.
Of warlike engines he was author,
Devised for quick despatch of slaughter:
Th' cannon, blunderbuss, and saker,
He was th' inventor of, and maker:
The trumpet and the kettle-drum
Did both from his invention come.
He was the first that e'er did teach
To make, and how to stop, a breach.
A lance he bore, with iron pike,
Th' one half would thrust, the other strike;
And when their forces he had join'd,
He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.
He Trulla loved, Trulla more bright
Than burnish'd armour of her knight;
A bold virago, stout and tall,
As Joan of France,[2] or English Mall.[3]
Thro' perils both of wind and limb,
Thro' thick and thin she follow'd him,
In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forsook,
At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,
She shared i' the hazard and the prize;

[1] 'As English Merlin:' there was a famous person of this name at the latter end of the fifth century.—[2] 'Joan of France:' Joan of Arc.—[3] 'English Mall:' alluding probably to Mary Carlton, called Kentish Moll, but more commonly the German Princess, a person notorious at the time this first part of 'Hudibras' was published, who was first transported, and then hanged at Tyburn.

At beating quarters up, or forage,
Behaved herself with matchless courage,
And laid about in fight more busily,
Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthesile.[1]
And though some critics here cry, Shame!
And say our authors [2] are to blame,
That (spight of all philosophers,
Who hold no females stout but bears;
And heretofore did so abhor
That women should pretend to war,
They would not suffer the stout'st dame
To swear by Hercules's name) [3]
Make feeble ladies, in their works,
To fight like termagants and Turks;
To lay their native arms aside,
Their modesty, and ride astride;
To run a-tilt at men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field;
As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,[4]
And she that would [5] have been the mistress
Of Gondibert; [6] but he had grace,
And rather took a country lass:
They say, 'tis false without all sense,
But of pernicious consequence
To government, which they suppose
Can never be upheld in prose;
Strip Nature naked to the skin,
You'll find about her no such thing.

[1] 'Amazonian Dame Penthesile:' Penthesile, Queen of the Amazons, carried succours to the Trojans, and after having given noble proofs of her bravery, was killed by Achilles. — [2] 'Our authors:' Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser. — [3] 'To swear by Hercules's name:' The old Romans had particular oaths for men and women to swear by, and women were not permitted to swear by Hercules. — [4] 'Stout Armida, bold Thalestris:' two formidable women at arms in romances. — [5] 'She that would:' Rhodalind. — [6] 'Gondibert:' name of the hero of Sir W. Davenant's epic 'Lass' Birtha.

It may be so, yet what we tell
Of Trulla, that 's improbable,
Shall be deposed by those have seen 't,
Or, what's as good, produced in print;
And if they will not take our word,
We'll prove it true upon record.
The upright Cerdon next advanced,
Of all his race the valiant'st;
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,
Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong;
He raised the low, and fortify'd
The weak against the strongest side:
Ill has he read, that never hit
On him, in Muses' deathless writ.
He had a weapon, keen and fierce,
That through a bull-hide shield would pierce,
And cut it in a thousand pieces,
Tho' tougher than the Knight of Greece [1] his;
With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor
Was comrade in the ten years' war:
For when the restless Greeks sat down
So many years before Troy town,
And were renown'd, as Homer writes,
For well-soled boots, no less than fights,
They owed that glory only to
His ancestor that made them so.
Fast friend he was to reformation,
Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion;
Next rectifier of wry law,
And would make three to cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,
Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote:

[1] 'Knight of Greece:' Ajax.

But preaching was his chiefest talent,
Or argument, in which being valiant,
He used to lay about and stickle,
Like ram, or bull, at Conventicle:
For disputants, like rams and bulls,
Do fight with arms that spring from skulls.
Last Colon came, bold man of war,
Destined to blows by fatal star;
Right expert in command of horse,
But cruel, and without remorse.
That which of Centaur long ago
Was said, and has been wrested to
Some other knights, was true of this,
He and his horse were of a piece;
One spirit did inform them both,
The self-same vigour, fury, wrath;
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had a harder heart;
Although his horse had been of those
That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes:*
Strange food for horse! and yet, alas!
It may be true, for *flesh is grass*.
Sturdy he was, and no less able
Than Hercules to clean a stable;†
As great a drover, and as great
A critic, too, to hog or neat.
He vipp'd the womb up of his mother
Dame Tellus, cause she wanted fodder
And provender, wherewith to feed
Himself, and his less cruel steed.

* "That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes:" alluding to the story of Diomedes, King of Thrace, of whom it is related, that he fed his horses with man's flesh, and was therefore slain and given to his own horses to be eaten by them.—† A satire on the Augean.

It was a question whether he
Or 's horse were of a family
More worshipful : till antiquaries
(After they'd almost pored out their eyes)
Did very learnedly decide
The business on the horse's side,
And proved not only horse, but cows,
Nay pigs, were of the elder house :
For beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.
  These worthies were the chief that led
The combatants, each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage,
Ready, and longing to engage.
The num'rous rabble was drawn out
Of sev'ral counties round about,
From villages remote, and shires,
Of east and western hemispheres :
From foreign parishes and regions,
Of different manners, speech, religions,
Came men and mastiffs ; some to fight
For fame and honour, some for sight.
And now the field of death, the lists,
Were enter'd by antagonists,
And blood was ready to be broach'd,
When Hudibras in haste approach'd,
With Squire and weapons to attack 'em :
But first thus from his horse bespake 'em ;
  What rage, O Citizens! what fury
Doth you to these dire actions hurry ?
What *œstrum*,[1] what phrenetic mood
Makes you thus lavish of your blood,

[1] 'Œstrum :' signifies a gad-bee or horse-fly, that torments cattle in the summer, and makes them run about as if they were mad.

While the proud Vies[1] your trophies boast,
And unrevenged walks Waller's ghost?
What towns, what garrisons, might you
With hazard of this blood, subdue,
Which now ye're bent to throw away,
In vain untriumphable[2] fray?
Shall saints in civil bloodshed wallow
Of saints, and let the Cause lie fallow?
The Cause, for which we fought and swore
So boldly, shall we now give o'er?
Then because quarrels still are seen
With oaths and swearings to begin,
The Solemn League and Covenant
Will seem a mere God-damn-me rant;
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as drunkards that fall out;
For as we make war for the King
Against himself, the self-same thing,
Some will not stick to swear we do
For God and for Religion too;
For, if bear-baiting we allow,
What good can Reformation do?
The blood and treasure that's laid out
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are these the fruits o' th' Protestation,
The prototype of Reformation,
Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,
Wore in their hats like wedding-garters,
When 'twas resolved by either House
Six Members' quarrel to espouse?[3]

[1] 'While the proud Vies:' this refers to the great defeat given to Sir William Waller, at the Devises, on the utmost part of Rundway-hill. — [2] 'Untriumphable:' the Romans denied a triumph to a conqueror in civil war.— [3] 'Six members' quarrel to espouse:' the six members were the Lord Kimbolton, Mr Pym, Mr Hollis, Mr Hampden, Sir Arthur Haslerig, and Mr Stroud.

Did they for this draw down the rabble,
With zeal and noises formidable,
And make all cries about the town
Join throats to cry the Bishops down ?
Who, having round begirt the palace
(As once a month they do the gallows),
As members gave the sign about,
Set up their throats with hideous shout :
When tinkers bawl'd aloud to settle
Church-Discipline, for patching kettle ;
No sow-gelder did blow his horn
To geld a cat, but cry'd, Reform !
The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,
And trudged away to cry, No Bishop !
The mouse-trap men laid save-alls by,
And 'gainst Ev'l Counsellors did cry ;
Botchers left Old Clothes in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the Church.
Some cry'd The Covenant, instead
Of pudding-pies and gingerbread ;
And some for brooms, old boots, and shoes,
Bawl'd out to purge the Common-House :
Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry
A Gospel-preaching Ministry ;
And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,
No Surplices nor Service-book :
A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to Reformation.
And is this all ? Is this the end
To which these carry'ngs-on did tend ?
Hath Public Faith, like a young heir,
For this ta'en up all sorts of ware,
And run int' ev'ry tradesman's book,
Till both turn bankrupts, and are broke ?

Did Saints, for this, bring in their plate,
And crowd as if they came too late?
For when they thought the Cause had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they coin piss-pots, bowls, and flagons,
Int' officers of horse and dragoons?
And into pikes, and musqueteers
Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers?
A thimble,[1] bodkin, and a spoon,
Did start up living men, as soon
As in the furnace they were thrown,
Just like the dragon's teeth, being sown.
Then was the Cause of gold and plate,
The Brethren's off'rings, consecrate,
Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it
The Saints fell prostrate, to adore it!
So say the Wicked—and will you
Make that sarcasmus scandal true,
By running after Dogs and Bears,
Beasts more unclean than calves or steers?
Have powerful Preachers ply'd their tongues,
And laid themselves out and their lungs;
Used all means, both direct and sinister,
I' th' power of Gospel-preaching minister?
Have they invented tones to win
The women, and make them draw in
The men, as Indians with a female
Tame elephant inveigle the male?
Have they told Prov'dence what it must do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to?
Discover'd th' Enemy's design,
And which way best to countermine?

[1] A thimble,' &c.: alluding to masses of plate and cutlery which high and low devoted to service of Parliament.

Prescribed what ways it hath to work,
Or it will ne'er advance the Kirk?
Told it the news o' th' last express,
And, after good or bad success,
Made prayers not so like petitions
As overtures and propositions
(Such as the army did present
To their creator, the Parliament);
In which they freely will confess,
They will not, cannot acquiesce,
Unless the work be carry'd on
In the same way they have begun,
By setting Church and Commonweal
All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
On which the Saints were all a-gog,
And all this for a Bear and Dog?
The Parliament drew up petitions
To 'well' and sent them, like commissions,
To well-affected persons, down
In ev'ry city and great town;
With power to levy horse and men,
Only to bring them back again;
For this did many, many a mile,
Ride manfully in rank and file,
With papers in their hats that show'd
As if they to the pill'ry rode;—
Have all these courses, these efforts,
Been tried by people of all sorts,
Velis et remis, omnibus nervis,[1]
And all' t' advance the Cause's service?
And shall all now be thrown away
In petulant intestine fray?

[1] '*Velis*,' &c.: *i. e.*, with sails and oars, *i.e.* with all their might.

Shall we, that in the Cov'nant swore,
Each man of us to run before
Another, still, in Reformation,
Give Dogs and Bears a dispensation?
How will Dissenting Brethren relish it?
What will malignants say? *Videlicet,*
That each man swore to do his best
To damn and perjure all the rest?
And bid the Devil take the hindmost,
Which at this race is like to win most.
They'll say our bus'ness, to Reform
The Church and State, is but a worm;
For to subscribe, unsight unseen,
To an unknown Church discipline,
What is it else, but before-hand
T' engage, and after understand?
For when we swore to carry on
The present Reformation,
According to the purest mode
Of churches best reform'd abroad,
What did we else but make a vow
To do we know not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where or what churches these should be;
And is indeed the self-same case
With theirs that swore *et cæteras;*
Or the French League,[1] in which men vow'd
To fight to the last drop of blood.
These slanders will be thrown upon
The Cause and work we carry on,
If we permit men to run headlong
T' exorbitances fit for Bedlam;

[1] 'French League:' the League in France, for the extirpation of the Protestant religion.

Rather than Gospel-walking times,
When slightest sins are greatest crimes.
But we the matter so shall handle
As to remove that odious scandal;
In name of King and Parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your brethren and your countrymen;
And to those places straight repair
Where your respective dwellings are.
But to that purpose first surrender
The Fiddler, as the prime offender,
Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and engineer of mischief;
That makes division between friends,
For profane and malignant ends.
He and that engine of vile noise,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall (*dictum factum*) both be brought
To condign punishment, as they ought.
This must be done, and I would fain see
Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay;
For then I'll take another course,
And soon reduce you all by force.
This said, he clapp'd his hand on sword,
To show he meant to keep his word.
  But Talgol, who had long suppress'd
Inflamed wrath in glowing breast,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in furnace,
Thus answer'd him: Thou vermin wretched,
As e'er in measled pork was hatched;
Thou tail of worship, that dost grow
On rump of justice as of cow;

How dar'st thou, with that sullen luggage
O' th' self, old iron, and other baggage,
With which thy steed of bones and leather
Has broke his wind in halting hither ;
How durst th', I say, adventure thus
T' oppose thy lumber against us ?
Could thine impertinence find out
No work t' employ itself about,
Where thou, secure from wooden blow,
Thy busy vanity might'st show ?
Was no dispute afoot between
The caterwauling Bretheren ?
No subtle question raised among
Those out o' their wits, and those i' th' wrong ?
No prize between those combatants
O' th' times, the land and water saints,[1]
Where thou might'st stickle, without hazard
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard ;[2]
And not for want of bus'ness, come
To us, to be thus troublesome,
To interrupt our better sort
Of disputants, and spoil our sport ?
Was there no felony, no bawd,
Cut-purse, nor burglary abroad ?
No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose,
To tie thee up from breaking loose ?
No ale unlicensed, broken hedge,
For which thou statute might'st allege,
To keep thee busy from foul evil,
And shame due to thee from the Devil ?
Did no Committee sit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee,

[1] Land and water saints:' the Presbyterians and Anabaptists.—[2] 'Mazzard:' face.

And set th' a task, with subornation,
To stitch up sale and sequestration,
To cheat, with holiness and zeal,
All parties and the Commonweal?
Much better had it been for thee,
H' had kept thee where th' art used to be;
Or sent th' on bus'ness any whither
So he had never brought thee hither.
But if th' hast brain enough in skull
To keep itself in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of stones
And cudgels to thy hide and bones,
Tremble, and vanish, while thou may'st,
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.
At this the Knight grew high in wroth,
And lifting hands and eyes up both,
Three times he smote on stomach stout,
From whence, at length, these words broke out:
Was I for this entitled, Sir,
And girt with trusty sword and spur,
For fame and honour to wage battle,
Thus to be braved by foe to cattle?
Not all that pride that makes thee swell
As big as thou dost blown-up veal;
Nor all thy tricks and sleights to cheat,
And sell thy carrion for good meat;
Not all thy magic to repair
Decayed old age in tough lean ware,
Make natural death appear thy work,
And stop the gangrene in stale pork;
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Because by bullock ne'er withstood;
Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives,
And axes made to hew down lives;

Shall save or help thee to evade
The hand of Justice, or this blade,
Which I, her Sword-bearer do carry,
For civil deed and military:
Nor shall these words of venom base,
Which thou hast from their native place,
Thy stomach pump'd to fling on me,
Go unrevenged, though I am free:
Thou down the same throat shalt devour 'em,
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor shall it e'er be said, that wight,
With gauntlet blue, and bases white,[1]
And round blunt truncheon[2] by his side,
So great a man at arms defy'd
With words far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel[3] stir mood.
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.
This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
His gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd;
And, bending cock, he levell'd full
Against th' outside of Talgol's skull;
Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,
Nor henceforth cow or bullock murder.
But Pallas came, in shape of Rust,
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust
Her Gorgon shield, which made the cock
Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.
Meanwhile fierce Talgol, gath'ring might,
With rugged truncheon charged the Knight;

[1] 'With gauntlet blue, and bases white:' alluding to the butcher's blue frock and white apron. —[2] 'Blunt truncheon:' the butcher's steel upon which he whets his knife.—[3] 'Grizel:' see Chaucer's 'Clerk of Oxenford's Tale.'

But he with petronel[1] upheaved,
Instead of shield, the blow received.
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not used to such a kind of fight,
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.
Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
Drew out his sword; yet not so fast,
But Talgol first, with hardy thwack,
Twice bruised his head, and twice his back:
But when his nut-brown sword was out,
With stomach huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon:
The trusty cudgel did oppose
Itself against dead-doing blows,
To guard its leader from fell bane
And then revenged itself again.
And tho' the sword (some understood)
In force had much the odds of wood,
'Twas nothing so; both sides were balanced
So equal, none knew which was valiant'st;
For Wood, with Honour being engaged,
Is so implacably enraged,
Though Iron hew and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises Honour more.
And now both Knights were out of breath,
Tired in the hot pursuit of death;
Whilst all the rest amazed stood still,
Expecting which should take, or kill.
This Hudibras observed; and fretting,
Conquest should be so long a getting,

[1] 'Petronel:' a horseman's gun.

He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow ;
But Talgol wisely avoided it
By cunning sleight ; for had it hit
The upper part of him, the blow
Had slit, as sure as that below.
Meanwhile th' incomparable Colon,
To aid his friend, began to fall on ;
Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew
A dismal combat 'twixt them two :
Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,
This fit for bruise, and that for blood.
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang ;
While none that saw them could divine
To which side conquest would incline ;
Until Magnano, who did envy
That two should with so many men vie,
By subtle stratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain ;
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thistles grew, on barren ground,
In haste he drew his weapon out,
And having cropp'd them from the root,
He clapp'd them underneath the tail
Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail.
The angry beast did straight resent
The wrong done to his fundament ;
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beside his sense,
Striving to disengage from thistle,
That gall'd him sorely under his tail ;
Instead of which, he threw the pack
Of Squire and baggage from his back,

And blund'ring still, with smarting rump,
He gave the Knight's steed such a thump
As made him reel. The Knight did stoop,
And sat on further side aslope.
This Talgol viewing, who had now
By flight escaped the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to 't;
For catching foe by nearer foot,
He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out;
But Mars, who still protects the stout,
In pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the Bear convey'd;
The Bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
The Knight with all his weight fell down,
The friendly rug preserved the ground,
And headlong Knight, from bruise or wound:
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.
As Sancho on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt, ours fared as well
In body, though his mighty spirit,
Being heavy, did not so well bear it.
The Bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down, and worsted by the Knight;
He roar'd, and raged, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout:
His wrath inflamed, boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of death he threw the foam:
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more than ever herald drew him:
He tore the earth, which he had saved
From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and raved,

And vex'd the more, because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the law of arms:
For men he always took to be
His friends, and dogs the enemy;
Who never so much hurt had done him,
As his own side did falling on him:
It grieved him to the guts, that they,
For whom h' had fought so many a fray,
And served with loss of blood so long,
Should offer such inhuman wrong;
Wrong of unsoldier-like condition,
For which he flung down his commission,
And laid about him, till his nose
From thrall of ring of cord broke loose.
Soon as he felt himself enlarged,
Through thickest of his foes he charged,
And made way through th' amazed crew;
Some he o'er-ran, and some o'erthrew,
But took none; for, by hasty flight,
He strove t' escape pursuit of Knight,
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread, as he the rabble chased;
In haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his fear a sev'ral way.

Crowdero only kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down, and wounded sore,
I' th' Fiddle, and a leg that bore
One side of him, not that of bone,
But much its better, th' wooden one.
He spying Hudibras lie strew'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, supposed wound,
And loss of urine, in a swound,

In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb
That, hurt in the ankle, lay by him,
And fitting it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight;
For getting up on stump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be revenged for breach
Of Crowd[1] and skin upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent.
But Ralpho (who had now begun
Th' adventure resurrection
From heavy squelch, and had got up
Upon his legs, with sprained crup)
Looking about, beheld pernicion
Approaching Knight from fell musician,
He snatch'd his whinyard[2] up, that fled
When he was falling off his steed
(As rats do from a falling house),
To hide itself from rage of blows;
And, wing'd with speed and fury, flew
To rescue Knight from black and blue.
Which ere he could achieve his sconce
The leg encounter'd twice and once:
And now 'twas raised to smite again,
When Ralpho thrust himself between.
He took the blow upon his arm,
To shield the Knight from further harm;
And, joining wrath with force, bestow'd
On th' wooden member such a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.

[1] 'Crowd:' fiddle. — [2] 'Whinyard:' sword.

To him the Squire right nimbly run,
And setting conqu'ring foot upon
His trunk, thus spoke: What desp'rate frenzy
Made thee (thou whelp of Sin) to fancy
Thyself, and all that coward rabble,
T' encounter us in battle able?
How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship
'Gainst arms, authority, and worship,
And Hudibras or me provoke,
Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows as that of wood?
Could not the whipping-post prevail,
With all its rhet'ric, nor the jail,
To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,
And ankle free from iron gin?
Which now thou shalt—but first our care
Must see how Hudibras does fare.
This said, he gently raised the Knight,
And set him on his bum upright:
To rouse him from lethargic dump,
He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump
Knock'd on his breast, as if 't had been
To raise the spirits lodged within.
They, waken'd with the noise, did fly
From inward room to window eye,
And gently op'ning lid, the casement,
Look'd out, but yet with some amazement.
This gladded Ralpho much to see,
Who thus bespoke the Knight: Quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,
A self-denying conqueror;[1]

[1] 'Self-denying conqueror:' alluding to the self-denying ordinance, by which all the members of the Two Houses were obliged to quit their civil and military employments.

As high, victorious, and great,
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give yourself but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That's victory. The foe, for dread
Of your nine-worthiness, is fled;
All, save Crowdero, for whose sake
You did th' espoused Cause undertake:
And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
To be disposed as you think meet,
Either for life, or death, or sale,
The gallows, or perpetual jail:
For one wink of your powerful eye
Must sentence him to live or die,
His Fiddle is your proper purchase,
Won in the service of the Churches;
And by your doom must be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a *Crowd.*
For though success did not confer
Just title on the conqueror;
Though dispensations were not strong
Conclusions, whether right or wrong;
Although out-goings did confirm,
And owning were but a mere term:
Yet as the wicked have no right
To th' creature, though usurp'd by might,
The property is in the saint,
From whom th' injuriously detain 't;
Of him they hold their luxuries,
Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
Their riots, revels, masks, delights,
Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;
All which the Saints have title to,
And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due:

What we take from them is no more
Than what was ours by right before;
For we are their true landlords still,
And they our tenants but at will.
  At this the Knight began to rouse,
And by degrees grow valorous.
He stared about, and seeing none
Of all his foes remain, but one,
He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him;
Vowing to make Crowdero pay
For all the rest that ran away.
But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withstood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
Is raised too high: this slave does merit
To be the hangman's bus'ness, sooner
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his destruction: I that am
A nothingness in deed and name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,
Or ill intreat his Fiddle or case:
Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your conqu'ring sword
To break a fiddle, and your word?
For though I fought, and overcame,
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name.
For great commanders always own
What's prosperous by the soldier done.
To save where you have power to kill,
Argues your power above your will;
And that your will and power have less
Than both might have of selfishness.

This power, which now alive, with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead,
Would no more keep the slave in awe,
Than if you were a Knight of straw;
For Death would then be his conqueror,
Not you, and free him from that terror.
If danger from his life accrue,
Or honour from his death, to you,
'Twere policy and honour too,
To do as you resolved to do:
But, Sir, 't would wrong your valour much,
To say it needs or fears a crutch.
Great conquerors greater glory gain
By foes in triumph led than slain;
The laurels that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes; the greatest fame
Of cripple slain can be but lame;
One half of him 's already slain,
The other is not worth your pain;
Th' honour can but on one side light,
As worship did, when y' were dubb'd Knight.
Wherefore I think it better far
To keep him prisoner of war;
And let him fast in bonds abide,
At court of justice to be try'd;
Where if h' appear so bold or crafty,
There may be danger in his safety;
If any member there dislike
His face, or to his beard have pique;
Or if his death will save or yield
Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd;
Though he has quarter, ne'ertheless,
Y' have power to hang him when you please,

This has been often done by some
Of our great conqu'rors, you know whom ;
And has by most of us been held
Wise justice, and to some reveal'd.
For words and promises, that yoke
The conqueror, are quickly broke ;
Like Samson's cuffs, though by his own
Direction and advice put on.
For if we should fight for the Cause
By rules of military laws,
And only do what they call just,
The Cause would quickly fall to dust.
This we among ourselves may speak,
But to the wicked or the weak
We must be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, such as these are.
  This said, the high outrageous mettle
Of Knight began to cool and settle.
He liked the Squire's advice, and soon
Resolved to see the business done ;
And therefore charged him first to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place and use
The wooden member to reduce,
But force it take an oath before,
Ne'er to bear arms against him more.
  Ralpho despatch'd with speedy haste,
And having ty'd Crowdero fast,
He gave Sir Knight the end of cord,
To lead the captive of his sword
In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,
And them to further service brought.
The Squire in state rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whinyard bore

The trophy Fiddle and the case,
Leaning on shoulder like a mace.
The Knight himself did after ride,
Leading Crowdero by his side;
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
Like boat, against the tide and wind.
Thus grave and solemn they march on,
Until quite thro' the town they'd gone;
At further end of which there stands
An ancient castle,[1] that commands
Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabric
You shall not see one stone nor a brick,
But all of wood, by powerful spell
Of magic made impregnable;
There's neither iron bar nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate;
And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeon scarce three inches wide;
With roof so low, that under it
They never stand, but lie or sit,
And yet so foul, that whoso is in,
Is to the middle-leg in prison;
In circle magical confined,
With wall of subtle air and wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they're freed by head of borough.
Thither arrived th' advent'rous Knight
And bold Squire from their steeds alight,
At th' outward wall, near which there stands
A Bastile, built t' imprison hands;
By strange enchantment made to fetter
The lesser parts, and free the greater:

[1] 'An ancient castle:' a pair of stocks and whipping post.

For though the body may creep through,
The hands in grate are fast enough ;
And when a circle 'bout the wrist
Is made by beadle exorcist,
The body feels the spur and switch,
As if 'twere ridden post by witch,
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a spire
On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire,
The Fiddle, and its spoils, the case,
In manner of a trophy place.
That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in pensive place,
To dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the survivor of his feet ;
But th' other that had broke the peace,
And head of knighthood, they release,
Though a delinquent false and forged,
Yet being a stranger, he's enlarged ;
While his comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapp'd up fast in prison for't.
So Justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The scatter'd rout return and rally,
Surround the place; the knight does sally,
And is made pris'ner: Then they seize
Th' enchanted fort by storm, release
Crowdero, and put the Squire in 's place;
I should have first said HUDIBRAS.

AY me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps!
For though Dame Fortune seem to smile,
And leer upon him for a while,
She'll after show him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
This any man may sing or say,
I' th' ditty call'd, *What if a day?*
For Hudibras, who thought h' had won
The field, as certain as a gun;
And having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop,[1]
Thinking h' had done enough to purchase
Thanksgiving-day among the churches,
Wherein his mettle and brave worth
Might be explain'd by Holder-forth,
And register'd by Fame eternal,
In deathless pages of Diurnal,[2]
Found in few minutes, to his cost,
He did but count without his host;

[1] 'Cock-a-hoop:' elevated. — [2] 'Diurnal:' the newspaper then printed every day in favour of the Parliament was called a *Diurnal.*

And that a turn-stile is more certain,
Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune.
For now the late faint-hearted rout,
O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
Chased by the horror of their fear
From bloody fray of Knight and Bear
(All but the Dogs, who in pursuit
Of the Knight's victory stood to 't,
And most ignobly fought to get
The honour of his blood and sweat),
Seeing the coast was free and clear
O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,
Took heart again, and faced about,
As if they meant to stand it out.
For by this time the routed Bear,
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a safe retreat,
Like a bold chieftain faced about;
But wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haste
Faced the proud foe, and fled, and faced;
Retiring still, until he found
H' had got th' advantage of the ground;
And then as valiantly made head,
To check the foe, and forthwith fled,
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
Of warrior stout and politic;
Until, in spite of hot pursuit,
He gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
On better terms, and stop the course
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charged, and for a while
Forced their whole body to recoil:

But still their numbers so increased,
He found himself at length oppress'd,
And all evasions so uncertain,
To save himself for better fortune,
That he resolved, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field;
And sell his hide and carcase at
A price as high and desperate
As e'er he could. This resolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himself among
The enemy, i' th' greatest throng;
But what could single valour do
Against so numerous a foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believed, where th' odds were such.
But one against a multitude
Is more than mortal can make good:
For while one party he opposed,
His rear was suddenly enclosed,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight against a foe so great.
For now the mastiffs, charging home,
To blows and handy-gripes were come;
While manfully himself he bore,
And setting his right foot before,
He raised himself to show how tall
His person was above them all.
This equal shame and envy stirr'd
In th' enemy, that one should beard
So many warriors, and so stout,
As he had done, and staved it out,
Disdaining to lay down his arms,
And yield on honourable terms.

Enraged thus, some in the rear
Attack'd him, and some ev'rywhere,
Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
And, being down, still laid about;
As Widdrington, in doleful dumps,
Is said [1] to fight upon his stumps.
But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
If Trull' and Cerdon in the nick,
To rescue him had not been quick:
For Trulla, who was light of foot,
As shafts which long-field [2] Parthians shoot
(But not so light as to be borne
Upon the ears of standing corn,
Or trip it o'er the water quicker
Than witches, when their staves they liquor,
As some report) was got among
The foremost of the martial throng:
There pitying the vanquish'd Bear,
She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near,
Viewing the bloody fight; To whom,
Shall we (quoth she) stand still hum-drum,
And see stout Bruin, all alone,
By numbers basely overthrown?
Such feats already h' has achieved,
In story not to be believed;
And 'twould to us be shame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.
I would (quoth he) venture a limb
To second thee, and rescue him;
But then we must about it straight,
Or else our aid will come too late;

[1] 'Is said:' in 'Chevy Chase.' — [2] 'Long-field,' *i. e.*, shooting from a distance.

Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.
This said, they waved their weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground;
And, joining forces, laid about,
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
As if the Devil drove, to run.
Meanwhile th' approach'd the place where Bruin
Was now engaged to mortal ruin:
The conqu'ring foe they soon assail'd,
First Trulla staved, and Cerdon tail'd,[1]
Until their mastiffs loosed their hold:
And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worsted Bear came off with store
Of bloody wounds, but all before:
For as Achilles, dipp'd in pond,
Was anabaptized free from wound,
Made proof against dead-doing steel
All over, but the Pagan heel;
So did our champion's arms defend
All of him, but the other end;
His head and ears, which, in the martial
Encounter, lost a leathern parcel;
For as an Austrian Archduke once[2]
Had one ear (which in ducatoons
Is half the coin) in battle pared
Close to his head; so Bruin fared;
But tugg'd and pull'd on t'other side,
Like scriv'ner newly crucify'd;[3]

[1] 'Staved' and 'tail'd:' bear-garden terms, signifying the parting of dogs and bears.—[2] 'For as an Austrian Archduke once,' &c.: the story alluded to is of Albert, Archduke of Austria, who, endeavouring to encourage his soldiers in battle, pulled off his murrion or head-piece, upon which he received a wound by the point of a spear.—[3] 'Crucify'd:' set on pillory for forgery.

Or like the late corrected leathern
Ears of the circumcised brethren.[1]
But gentle Trulla, into the ring
He wore in 's nose, convey'd a string,
With which she march'd before, and led
The warrior to a grassy bed,
As authors write, in a cool shade,
Which eglantine and roses made,
Close by a softly murm'ring stream
Where lovers used to loll and dream.
There leaving him to his repose,
Secured from pursuit of foes,
And wanting nothing but a song,
And a well-tuned theorbo hung
Upon a bough, to ease the pain
His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain,
They both drew up, to march in quest
Of his great leader, and the rest.
For Orsin (who was more renown'd
For stout maintaining of his ground
In standing fight, than for pursuit,
As being not so quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that pursued the chase;
But found himself left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind;
Grieved to behold his Bear pursued
So basely by a multitude;
And like to fall, not by the prowess
But numbers, of his coward foes.
He raged, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas,[2]

[1] 'Brethren:' Pryn, Bastwick, and Burton, who lost their ears for what were counted libels.—[2] 'Hylas:' a favourite servant who was drowned.

Forcing the valleys to repeat
The accents of his sad regret.
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crony Bear;
That Echo, from the hollow ground,
His doleful wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times,
Than in small poet's[1] splay-foot rhymes
That make her, in their ruthful stories,
To answer to interr'gatories,
And most unconscionably depose
To things of which she nothing knows;
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled to my?—(Echo), Ruin.
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step,
For fear. (Quoth Echo), Marry guep.
Am not I here to take thy part;
Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?
Have these bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever wince or grudge it,
For thy dear sake. (Quoth she), Mum, budget.
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish
Thou turn'dst thy back? (Quoth Echo), Pish.
To run from those th' hadst overcome
Thus cowardly? (Quoth Echo), Mum.
But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine enemy?
Or, if thou hast no thought of me,
Nor what I have endured for thee,

[1] 'Small poet:' he means—proh pudor!—Sir Philip Sidney.

Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grutch to spend his blood in
His honour's cause? (Quoth she), A puddin.
This said, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly stomach burn'd;
Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place
Of sorrow, now began to blaze.
He vow'd the authors of his woe
Should equal vengeance undergo,
And with their bones and flesh pay dear
For what he suffer'd, and his Bear.
This being resolved, with equal speed
And rage he hasted to proceed
To action straight, and giving o'er
To search for Bruin any more,
He went in quest of Hudibras,
To find him out where'er he was;
And, if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he would.
  But scarce had he a furlong on
This resolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that crew
Whom Hudibras did late subdue.
Honour, revenge, contempt, and shame
Did equally their breasts inflame.
'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,
And Talgol, foe to Hudibras;
Cerdon and Colon, warriors stout,
And resolute, as ever fought;
Whom furious Orsin thus bespoke:
  Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook
The vile affront that paltry ass,
And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras,

With that more paltry ragamuffin,
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
As if th' had routed us in battle?
For my part, it shall ne'er be said,
I for the washing gave my head;
Nor did I turn my back for fear
O' th' rascals, but loss of my Bear,
Which now I'm like to undergo;
For whether these fell wounds, or no,
He has received in fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my skill can foretel;
Nor do I know what is become
Of him more than the Pope of Rome.
But if I can but find them out
That caused it (as I shall no doubt,
Where'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk),
I'll make them rue their handy-work,
And wish that they had rather dared
To pull the Devil by the beard.
Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orsin, th' hast
Great reason to do as thou say'st;
And so has ev'ry body here,
As well as thou hast, or thy Bear:
Others may do as they see good,
But if this twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur,
And th' other mongrel vermin, Ralph,
That braved us all in his behalf.
Thy Bear is safe, and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;
Myself and Trulla made a shift
To help him out at a dead lift;

And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's safe enough:
There let him rest; for if we stay,
The slaves may hap to get away.
  This said, they all engaged to join
Their forces in the same design;
And forthwith put themselves in search
Of Hudibras, upon their march.
Where leave we them a while, to tell
What the victorious Knight befel.
For such, Crowdero being fast
In dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow
Nowhere so green as on his brow;
Laden with which, as well as tired
With conqu'ring toil, he now retired
Unto a neigh'bouring castle by,
To rest his body, and apply
Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise
He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues;
To mollify th' uneasy pang
Of ev'ry honourable bang,
Which being by skilful midwife dress'd,
He laid him down to take his rest.
  But all in vain: h' had got a hurt
O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort,
By Cupid made, who took his stand
Upon a widow's jointure land;
(For he, in all his am'rous battles,
No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels),
Drew home his bow, and, aiming right,
Let fly an arrow at the Knight;
The shaft against a rib did glance,
And gall him in the purtenance;

But time had somewhat 'swaged his pain,
After he found his suit in vain :
For that proud dame, for whom his soul
Was burnt in 's belly like a coal
(That belly that so oft did ake,
And suffer griping for her sake,
Till purging comfits, and ants' eggs,
Had almost brought him off his legs),
Used him so like a base rascallion,
That old Pyg—(what d' y' call him ?)—malion,
That cut his mistress out of stone,
Had not so hard a hearted one.
She had a thousand jadish tricks,
Worse than a mule that flings and kicks ;
'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,
As insolent as strange and mad—
She could love none but only such
As scorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a strange riddle of a lady :
Not love, if any loved her—Hey-day !
So cowards never use their might,
But against such as will not fight ;
So some diseases have been found
Only to seize upon the sound :
He that gets her by heart must say her
The back way, like a witch's prayer.
Meanwhile the Knight had no small task
To compass what he durst not ask :
He loves, but dares not make the motion ;
Her ignorance is his devotion :
Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed
Rides with his face to rump of steed ;
Or rowing scull,[1] he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move ;

[1] 'Scull :' boat.

Or like a tumbler, that does play
His game, and look another way,
Until he seize upon the coney;
Just so does he by matrimony.
But all in vain; her subtle snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out,
Which she return'd with too much scorn,
To be by man of honour borne;
Yet much he bore, until the distress
He suffer'd from his spiteful mistress
Did stir his stomach, and the pain
He had endured from her disdain,
Turn'd to regret, so resolute,
That he resolved to waive his suit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play least in sight.
This resolution being put on,
He kept some months, and more had done;
But being brought so nigh by Fate,
The victory he achieved so late
Did set his thoughts agog, and ope
A door to discontinued hope,
That seem'd to promise he might win
His Dame too, now his hand was in;
And that his valour, and the honour
H' had newly gain'd, might work upon her;
These reasons made his mouth to water
With am'rous longings to be at her.
Quoth he, unto himself, Who knows
But this brave conquest o'er my foes
May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
As I but now have forced the troop?
If nothing can oppugn her love,
And virtue envious[1] ways can prove,

[1] 'Envious:' impassable.

What may not he confide to do
That brings both love and virtue too?
But thou bring'st valour, too, and wit,
Two things that seldom fail to hit.
Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,
Which women oft are taken in:
Then, Hudibras, why should'st thou fear
To be, that art, a conqueror?
Fortune th' audacious doth *juvare*,
But lets the timidous miscarry.
Then while the honour thou hast got
Is spick and span new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely, thou hadst best,
And trust thy fortune with the rest.
Such thoughts as these the Knight did keep
More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep:
And as an owl that in a barn
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes
As if he slept, until he spies
The little beast within his reach,
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch;
So from his couch the Knight did start,
To seize upon the widow's heart,
Crying, with hasty tone, and hoarse,
Ralpho, Despatch, To horse, to horse!
And 'twas but time; for now the rout,
We left engaged to seek him out,
By speedy marches were advanced
Up to the fort where he ensconced;
And all th' avenues had possess'd
About the place, from east to west.
That done, awhile they made a halt,
To view the ground, and where t' assault:

Then call'd a council, which was best,
By siege or onslaught, to invest
The enemy; and 'twas agreed,
By storm and onslaught to proceed.
This being resolved, in comely sort
They now drew up t' attack the fort;
When Hudibras, about to enter
Upon another-gate's adventure,
To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching storm.
Whether Dame Fortune, or the care
Of angel bad, or tutelar,
Did arm, or thrust him on to danger,
To which he was an utter stranger;
That foresight might, or might not, blot
The glory he had newly got;
Or to his shame it might be said,
They took him napping in his bed:
To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in sciences profound.
  His courser scarce he had bestrid,
And Ralpho that on which he rid,
When setting ope the postern gate,
Which they thought best to sally at,
The foe appear'd drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This somewhat startled the bold Knight,
Surprised with th' unexpected sight:
The bruises of his bones and flesh
He thought began to smart afresh;
Till recollecting wonted courage,
His fear was soon converted to rage,
And thus he spoke: The coward foe,
Whom we but now gave quarter to,

Look, yonder 's rally'd, and appears,
As if they had outrun their fears ;
The glory we did lately get,
The Fates command us to repeat ;
And to their wills we must succumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.
This is the same numeric crew
Which we so lately did subdue ;
The self-same individuals that
Did run, as mice do from a cat,
When we courageously did wield
Our martial weapons in the field,
To tug for victory ; and when
We shall our shining blades again.
Brandish in terror o'er our heads,
They'll straight resume their wonted dreads :
Fear is an ague that forsakes
And haunts by fits, those whom it takes ;
And they'll opine they feel the pain
And blows they felt, to-day, again
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.
  This said, his courage to inflame,
He call'd upon his mistress' name,
His pistol next he cock'd anew,
And out his nut-brown whinyard drew ;
And, placing Ralpho in the front,
Reserved himself to bear the brunt,
As expert warriors use ; then ply'd,
With iron heel, his courser's side,
Conveying sympathetic speed
From heel of Knight to heel of steed.
  Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage
And speed, advancing to engage,

Both parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handy-blows;
When Orsin first let fly a stone
At Ralpho; not so huge a one
As that which Diomed did maul
Æneas on the bum withal;
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have sent him to another world,
Whether above-ground, or below,
Which saints twice dipp'd are destined to.
The danger startled the bold Squire,
And made him some few steps retire;
But Hudibras advanced to 's aid,
And roused his spirits half dismay'd:
He wisely doubting lest the shot
Of th' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a distance gall, press'd close,
To come pell-mell to handy blows,
And that he might their aim decline,
Advanced still in an oblique line;
But prudently forbore to fire,
Till breast to breast he had got nigher;
As expert warriors use to do,
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order the advent'rous Knight,
Most soldier-like observed in fight,
When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle,
And for the foe began to stickle.
The more shame for her Goodyship
To give so near a friend the slip.
For Colon, choosing out a stone,
Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon
His manly paunch with such a force,
As almost beat him off his horse.

He loosed his whinyard and the rein,
But laying fast hold on the mane,
Preserved his seat: And as a goose
In death contracts her talons close,
So did the Knight, and with one claw
The trigger of his pistol draw.
The gun went off; and, as it was
Still fatal to stout Hudibras,
In all his feats of arms, when least
He dreamt of it, to prosper best;
So now he fared: the shot, let fly
At random 'mong the enemy,
Pierced Talgol's gaberdine,[1] and grazing
Upon his shoulder in the passing,
Lodged in Magnano's brass habergeon,[2]
Who straight, *A surgeon*, cry'd, *a surgeon!*
He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
Did *Murder, murder, murder!* yell.
This startled their whole body so,
That if the Knight had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
H' had won (the second time) the fight.
As, if the Squire had but fall'n on,
He had inevitably done.
But he, diverted with the care
Of Hudibras his hurt, forbare
To press th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the rest dishearten.
For he with Cerdon being engaged
In close encounter, they both waged
The fight so well, t'was hard to say,
Which side was like to get the day.

[1] 'Gaberdine:' *galverdine* in French, a shepherd's coarse frock or coat.
—[2] 'Habergeon:' a little coat of mail, or only sleeves and gorget of mail.

And now the busy work of Death
Had tired them so, they 'greed to breathe,
Preparing to renew the fight,
When the disaster of the Knight
And th' other party did divert
Their fell intent, and forced them part.
Ralpho press'd up to Hudibras,
And Cerdon where Magnano was;
Each striving to confirm his party
With stout encouragements and hearty.
  Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let revenge and honour stir
Your spirits up; once more fall on,
The shatter'd foe begins to run:
For if but half so well you knew
To use your vict'ry as subdue,
They durst not, after such a blow
As you have given them, face us now;
But from so formidable a soldier
Had fled like crows when they smell powder:
Thrice have they seen your sword aloft
Waved o'er their heads, and fled as oft.
But if you let them recollect
Their spirits, now dismay'd and check'd,
You'll have a harder game to play
Than yet y' have had to get the day.
  Thus spoke the stout Squire, but was heard
By Hudibras with small regard:
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than Ralph's harangue.
To which he answered, Cruel Fate
Tells me thy counsel comes too late.
The clotted blood within my hose,
That from my wounded body flows,

With mortal crisis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end;
I am for action now unfit
Either of fortitude or wit.
Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,
Resolved to pull my stomach down.
I am not apt, upon a wound
Or trivial basting, to despond;
Yet I'd be loathe my days to curtail:
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that w' had time enough as yet
To make an honourable retreat,
'Twere the best course: but if they find
We fly and leave our arms behind,
For them to seize on, the dishonour,
And danger too, is such, I'll sooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them see I am no starter.
In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat:
For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least of th' enemy.
This said, the Squire, with active speed,
Dismounted from his bony steed,
To seize the arms, which by mischance
Fell from the bold Knight in a trance.
These being found out, and restored
To Hudibras, their natural lord;
As a man may say, with might and main,
He hasted to get up again.
Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft,
But, by his weighty bum, as oft
He was pull'd back; 'till having found
Th' advantage of the rising ground,

Thither he led his warlike steed;
And having placed him right, with speed
Prepared again to scale the beast,
When Orsin, who had newly dress'd
The bloody scar upon the shoulder
Of Talgol with Promethean powder,
And now was searching for the shot
That laid Magnano on the spot,
Beheld the sturdy Squire aforesaid
Preparing to climb up his horse-side;
He left his cure, and laying hold
Upon his arms, with courage bold,
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begin to rally:
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be 's dole.
This said, like to a thunderbolt,
He flew with fury to th' assault,
Striving th' enemy to attack
Before he reach'd his horse's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beast with active vaulting,
Wriggling his body to recover
His seat, and cast his right leg over;
When Orsin, rushing in, bestow'd
On horse and man so heavy a load,
The beast was startled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough Squire, like a sack,
Or stout King Richard,[1] on his back;
Till stumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruised, and cast into a swoon.

[1] 'King Richard:' Richard III. was carried from Bosworth to Leicester on a horse's back, like a slain deer.

Meanwhile the Knight began to rouse
The sparkles of his wonted prowess ;
He thrust his hand into his hose,
And found, both by his eyes and nose,
'Twas only choler, and not blood,
That from his wounded body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the Squire,
Inflamed him with despiteful ire ;
Courageously he faced about,
And drew his other pistol out ;
And now had half-way bent the cock,
When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,
With sturdy truncheon 'thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm ;
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
Assay'd to pull him off his steed.
The Knight his sword had only left
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
Or at the least cropp'd off a limb,
But Orsin came and rescued him.
He with his lance attack'd the Knight
Upon his quarters opposite :
But as a bark that, in foul weather
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
Is bruised and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to ;
So fared the Knight between two foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppose ;
Till Orsin, charging with his lance
At Hudibras, by spiteful chance,
Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunn'd
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the Knight began to cheer up,
And, raising up himself on stirrup,

Cry'd out, *Victoria!* lie thou there,
And I shall straight despatch another,
To bear thee company in death;
But first I'll halt awhile, and breathe:
As well he might; for Orsin, grieved
At th' wound that Cerdon had received,
Ran to relieve him with his lore,
And cure the hurt he gave before.
Meanwhile the Knight had wheel'd about,
To breathe himself, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where best
He might the ruffled foe infest.
This being resolved, he spurr'd his steed,
To run at Orsin with full speed,
While he was busy in the care
Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware:
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy;
And seeing th' enemy prepared,
Drew up, and stood upon his guard:
Then, like a warrior right expert
And skilful in the martial art,
The subtle Knight straight made a halt,
And judged it best to stay the assault,
Until he had relieved the Squire,
And then (in order) to retire;
Or, as occasion should invite,
With forces join'd renew the fight.
Ralpho, by this time disentranced,
Upon his bum himself advanced,
Though sorely bruised, his limbs all o'er
With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore;
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone,

When Hudibras to aid him came.
Quoth he (and call'd him by his name)
Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more, as conquerors,
Have both the field and honour won ;
The foe is profligate and run ;
I mean all such as can ; for some
This hand hath sent to their long home ;
And some lie sprawling on the ground,
With many a gash and bloody wound.
Cæsar himself could never say
He got two victories in a day,
As I have done, that can say, Twice I,
In one day, *Veni, Vidi, Vici.*
The foe's so numerous, that we
Connot so often *vincere,*
And they *perire,* and yet enough
Be left to strike an after-blow ;
Then lest they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the business o'er,
Get up, and mount thy steed, despatch,
And let us both their motions watch.
  Quoth Ralpho, I should not, if I were
In case for action, now be here ;
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An a—e, for fear of being bang'd.
It was for you I got these harms,
Advent'ring to fetch off your arms :
The blows and drubs I have received,
Have bruised my body, and bereaved
My limbs of strength : unless you stoop,
And reach your hand to pull me up,
I shall lie here, and be a prey
To those who now are run away.

That thou shalt not (quoth Hudibras) :
We read, the ancients held it was
More honourable far *servare*
Civem, than slay an adversary ;
The one we oft to-day have done,
The other shall despatch anon :
And though th' art of a diff'rent church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.
This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher,
And steer'd him gently t'ward the Squire ;
Then bowing down his body, stretch'd
His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd ;
When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
Charged him like lightning behind.
She had been long in search about
Magnano's wound, to find it out ;
But could find none, nor where the shot
That had so startled him was got :
But having found the worst was past,
She fell to her own work at last,
The pillage of the prisoners,
Which in all feats of arms was hers.
And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
When Hudibras his hard fate drew
To succour him ; for as he bow'd
To help him up, she laid a load
Of blows so heavy, and placed so well,
On th' other side, that down he fell.
Yield, scoundrel base (quoth she), or die ;
Thy life is mine, and liberty ;
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
And dar'st presume to be so hardy
To try thy fortune o'er afresh,
I'll waive my title to thy flesh,

Thy arms and baggage, now my right ;
And, if thou hast the heart to try't,
I'll lend thee back thyself awhile,
And once more, for that carcase vile,
Fight upon tick.—Quoth Hudibras,
Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,
And I shall take thee at thy word :
First let me rise, and take my sword,
That sword which has so oft this day
Through squadrons of my foes made way,
And some to other worlds despatch'd,
Now with a feeble spinster match'd,
Will blush with blood ignoble stain'd,
By which no honour 's to be gain'd.
But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,
Consider, whilst thou may'st, what 'tis
To interrupt a victor's course,
B' opposing such a trivial force :
For if with conquest I come off
(And that I shall do, sure enough),
Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace,
By law of arms, in such a case ;
Both which I now do offer freely.
I scorn (quoth she), thou coxcomb silly,
(Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To show how much she prized his speech),
Quarter or counsel from a foe ;
If thou canst force me to it, do.
But lest it should again be said,
When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping, unprepared,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.
This said, she to her tackle fell,
And on the Knight let fall a peal

Of blows so fierce, and press'd so home,
That he retired, and follow'd 's bum.
Stand to't (quoth she) or yield to mercy,
It is not fighting arsie-versie
Shall serve thy turn.—This stirr'd his spleen
More than the danger he was in,
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel;
Honour, despite, revenge, and shame,
At once into his stomach came;
Which fired it so, he raised his arm
Above his head, and rain'd a storm
Of blows so terrible and thick,
As if he meant to hash her quick.
But she upon her truncheon took them
And by oblique diversion broke them,
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with usury,
Which long she fail'd not of; for now
The Knight, with one dead-doing blow,
Resolving to decide the fight,
And she, with quick and cunning sleight,
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charged upon it was so great,
As almost sway'd him to the ground.
No sooner she th' advantage found,
But in she flew; and seconding,
With home-made thrust, the heavy swing,
She laid him flat upon his side,
And mounting on his trunk astride,
Quoth she, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, base scum!
Say, will the law of arms allow
I may have grace and quarter now?

Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And stain thine honour, than thy sword ?
A man of war to damn his soul,
In basely breaking his parole ;
And when, before the fight, th' had'st vow'd
To give no quarter in cold blood ;
Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,
To make me 'gainst my will take quarter :
Why dost not put me to the sword,
But cowardly fly from thy word ?
  Quoth Hudibras, The day's thine own ;
Thou and thy stars have cast me down ;
My laurels are transplanted now,
And flourish on thy conquering brow :
My loss of honour 's great enough,
Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff ;
Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,
But cannot blur my lost renown :
I am not now in Fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient heroes were illustrious
For being benign, and not blustrous
Against a vanquish'd foe ; their swords
Were sharp and trenchant, not their words ;
And did in fight but cut work out
T' employ their courtesies about.
  Quoth she, Although thou hast deserved,
Base slubberdegullion,[1] to be served
As thou didst vow to deal with me,
If thou had'st got the victory ;
Yet I shall rather act a part
That suits my fame, than thy desert.

[1] 'Slubberdegullion:' driveller.

Thy arms, thy liberty, beside
All that's on th' outside of thy hide,
Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not bate one straw ;
The rest, thy life and limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I restore.
  Quoth Hudibras, It is too late
For me to treat or stipulate ;
What thou command'st I must obey :
Yet those whom I expugn'd to-day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too ;
Both Dogs and Bear, upon their parole,
Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.
  Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me ; but was 't not thou
That gave Crowdero quarter too ?
Crowdero, whom in irons bound,
Thou basely threw'st into Lob's [1] pound,
Where still he lies, and with regret
His gen'rous bowels rage and fret ;
But now thy carcase shall redeem,
And serve to be exchanged for him.
  This said, the Knight did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet ;
Next he disrobed his gaberdine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore, said, jesting,
Take that, and wear it for my sake ;
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.

[1] 'Lob:' a boor, who treats a man too severely when he has him in his power.

And as the French we conquer'd once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,[1]
The length of breeches, and the gathers,
Port-cannons,[1] periwigs, and feathers;
Just so the proud insulting lass
Array'd and dighted[2] Hudibras.
Meanwhile the other champions, erst
In hurry of the fight dispersed,
Arrived, when Trulla won the day,
To share i' th' honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras his hide
With vengeance to be satisfied;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden shower;
But Trulla thrust herself between,
And striding o'er his back again,
She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,
And vow'd they should not break her word;
Sh' had given him quarter, and her blood
Or theirs should make that quarter good:
For she was bound, by law of arms,
To see him safe from further harms.
In dungeon deep Crowdero, cast
By Hudibras, as yet lay fast;
Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,
His great heart made perpetual moans;
Him she resolved that Hudibras
Should ransom, and supply his place.
This stopp'd their fury, and the basting
Which toward Hudibras was hasting.
They thought it was but just and right,
That what she had achieved in fight,

[1] 'Pantaloons' and 'port-cannons:' fantastic French fashions. — [2] 'Dighted:' clothed.

She should dispose of how she pleased ;
Crowdero ought to be released :
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this she pitch'd upon :
For who a better could imagine ?
This therefore they resolved t' engage in.
The Knight and Squire first they made
Rise from the ground where they were laid ;
Then mounted both upon their horses,
But with their faces to the a—s.
Orsin led Hudibras's beast,
And Talgol that which Ralpho press'd,
Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
And Colon, waited as a guard on ;
All ush'ring Trulla in the rear,
With th' arms of either prisoner.
In this proud order and array
They put themselves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' enchanted castle,
Where stout Crowdero in durance lay still.
Thither, with greater speed than shows
And triumph over conquer'd foes
Do use t' allow, or than the bears,
Or pageants borne before Lord Mayors,
Are wont to use, they soon arrived
In order, soldier-like contrived ;
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for battle as for muster.
The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst the fort their force,
They all advanced, and round about
Begirt the magical redoubt.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter :

For he was skilful in black art,
No less than he that built the fort;
And with an iron mace laid flat
A breach, which straight all enter'd at;
And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground.
Him they release from durance base,
Restored t' his Fiddle and his case,
And liberty, his thirsty rage
With luscious vengeance to assuage:
For he no sooner was at large,
But Trulla straight brought on the charge,
And in the self-same limbo put
The Knight and Squire where he was shut:
Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole, [1]
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confined and conjured into narrow
Enchanted mansion to know sorrow,
In the same order and array
Which they advanced, they march'd away.
But Hudibras who scorn'd to stoop
To Fortune, or be said to droop,
Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers.
  Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,
Is, *sui juris*, unconfined,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
Whate'er the other moiety feels.
'Tis not restraint nor liberty
That makes men prisoners or free;
But perturbations that possess
The mind, or equanimities.

[1] 'Hockley-i'-th'-hole:' referring to the old ballads of that name.

The whole world was not half so wide
To Alexander, when he cry'd,
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a paltry narrow tub to
Diogenes, who is not said
(For aught that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
Because h' had ne'er another tub.
The ancients make two sev'ral kinds
Of prowess in heroic minds,
The active and the passive valiant;
Both which are *pari libra* gallant:
For both to give blows and to carry,
In fights are equi-necessary;
But in defeats, the passive stout
Are always found to stand it out
Most desp'rately, and to outdo
The active 'gainst a conqu'ring foe.
Tho' we with blacks and blues are sugill'd,[1]
Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgell'd;
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by 't.
Honour's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant: 'tis a chattel
Not to be forfeited in battle.
If he that in the field is slain
Be in the bed of honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honour's truckle-bed.
For as we see th' eclipsed sun
By mortals is more gazed upon,

[1] 'Sugill'd:' beat black and blue.

Than when adorn'd with all his light,
He shines in serene sky most bright ;
So valour, in a low estate,
Is most admired and wonder'd at.
  Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow ;
But none that see how here we sit,
Will judge us overgrown with wit.
As gifted brethren, preaching by
A carnal hour-glass, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to say,
But not how much ; so well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off :
For who, without a cap and bauble,
Having subdued a Bear and rabble,
And might with honour have come off,
Would put it to a second proof ?
A politic exploit, right fit
For Presbyterian zeal and wit.
  Quoth Hudibras, That cuckoo's tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon :
When thou at anything would'st rail,
Thou mak'st Presbytery thy scale
To take the height on't, and explain
To what degree it is profane ;
Whats'ever will not with (thy what-d'ye-call)
Thy light jump right, thou call'st synodical ;
As if Presbytery were a standard,
To size whats'ever's to be slander'd.
Dost not remember how, this day,
Thou to my beard wast bold to say,
That thou could'st prove bear-baiting equal
With synods, orthodox and legal ?

Do, if thou canst, for I deny't,
And dare thee to't, with all thy light.
  Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do,
That has but any guts in 's brains,
And could believe it worth his pains:
But since you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.
  Synods are mystical Bear-gardens,
Where Elders, Deputies, Churchwardens,
And other members of the Court,
Manage the Babylonish sport;
For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bear-ward,
Do differ only in a mere word.
Both are but several synagogues
Of carnal men, and Bears and Dogs:
Both Antichristián assemblies,
To mischief bent as far 's in them lies:
Both stave and tail, with fierce contests,
The one with men, the other beasts.
The diff'rence is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth;
And that they bait but Bears in this,
In th' other Souls and Consciences;
Where Saints themselves are brought to stake
For Gospel-light, and Conscience' sake;
Exposed to Scribes and Presbyters,
Instead of mastiff Dogs and Curs:
Than whom they've less humanity,
For these at souls of men will fly.
This to the Prophet did appear,
Who in a vision saw a Bear,
Prefiguring the beastly rage
Of Church-rule, in this latter age;

As is demonstrated at full
By him that baited the Pope's Bull.[1]
Bears nat'rally are beasts of prey,
That live by rapine ; so do they.
What are their Orders, Constitutions,
Church-censures, Curses, Absolutions,
But sev'ral mystic chains they make
To tie poor Christians to the stake ;
And then set Heathen officers,
Instead of Dogs, about their ears ?
For to prohibit and dispense,
To find out, or to make offence ;
Of Hell and Heaven to dispose,
To play with souls at fast and loose ;
To set what characters they please,
And mulcts on sin or godliness ;
Reduce the Church to Gospel-order,
By rapine, sacrilege, and murder ;
To make Presbytery supreme,
And Kings themselves submit to them ;
And force all people, though against
Their consciences, to turn Saints ;
Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
When Saints monopolists are made :
When pious frauds and holy shifts
Are Dispensations and Gifts ;
Their godliness becomes mere ware,
And every Synod but a fair.
  Synods are whelps of th' Inquisition,
A mongrel breed of like pernicion ;

[1] 'Baited the Pope's bull:' a learned divine in King James's time wrote a polemic work against the Pope, and gave it that unlucky nickname of 'The Pope's bull baited.'

And growing up, became the sires
Of Scribes, Commissioners, and Triers ; [1]
Whose bus'ness is, by cunning sleight,
To cast a figure for men's light ;
To find, in lines of beard and face,
The physiognomy of grace ;
And by the sound and twang of nose,
If all be sound within, disclose ;
Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
As men try pipkins by the ringing ;
By black caps, underlaid with white,
Give certain guess at inward light ;
Which sergeants[2] at the Gospel wear,
To make the Spiritual Calling clear.
The handkerchief about the neck
Canonical cravat[3] of Smec,
From whom the institution came,
When Church and State they set on flame,
And worn by them as badges then
Of Spiritual Warfaring-men)
Judge rightly if Regeneration
Be of the newest cut in fashion :
Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
That grace is founded in dominion.
Great piety consists in pride ;
To rule is to be sanctify'd :

[1] 'Triers:' the Houses appointed certain persons to try men for ruling elders in every congregation.—[2] 'Sergeants'-at-law wore a coif.—[3] 'Canonical cravat:' Smectymnus was a club of five parliamentarians; they wore handkerchiefs about their necks for a note of distinction (as the officers of the Parliament-army then did), which afterwards degenerated into cravats. About the beginning of the long Parliament, in the year 1641, these five wrote a book against Episcopacy and the Common Prayer, to which they all subscribed their names, being Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, William Spurstow, and from thence they and their followers were called Smectymnus.

To domineer, and to control.
Both o'er the body and the soul,
Is the most perfect discipline
Of Church-rule, and by right divine.
Bel and the Dragon's chaplains were
More moderate than these by far:
For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat,
To get their wives and children meat;
But these will not be fobb'd off so;
They must have wealth and power too:
Or else with blood and desolation
They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.
  Sure these themselves from primitive
And Heathen priesthood do derive;
When Butchers were the only clerks,
Elders, and Presbyters of Kirks,
Whose directory was to kill,
And some believe it is so still.
The only difference is, that then
They slaughter'd only beast, now men.
For then to sacrifice a bullock,
Or, now and then, a child, to Moloch,
They count a vile abomination,
But not to slaughter a whole nation.
Presbytery does but translate
The Papacy to a free state;
A commonwealth of Popery,
Where every village is a See
As well as Rome, and must maintain
A tithe-pig metropolitan;
Where every Presbyter and Deacon
Commands the keys for cheese and bacon;
And every hamlet 's governed
By 's Holiness, the Church 's head,

More haughty and severe in 's place
Than Gregory or Boniface.
Such Church must (surely) be a monster,
With many heads; for if we conster[1]
What in th' Apocalypse we find,
According to th' Apostle's mind,
'Tis that the Whore of Babylon
With many heads did ride upon;
Which heads denote the sinful tribe
Of Deacon, Priest, Lay-elder, Scribe.
  Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,
Whose little finger is as heavy
As loins of Patriarchs, Prince-prelate,
And Bishop-secular. This zealot
Is of a mongrel, diverse kind,
Cleric before, and lay behind;
A lawless linsey-woolsey brother,
Half of one order, half another;
A creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beast, a fish in water;
That always preys on grace or sin,
A sheep without, a wolf within.
This fierce inquisitor has chief
Dominion over men's belief
And manners; can pronounce a saint
Idolatrous, or ignorant,
When superciliously he sifts
Through coarsest boulter others' gifts:
For all men live and judge amiss
Whose talents jump not just with his.
He'll lay on gifts with hands, and place
On dullest noddle Light and Grace,

[1] 'Conster:' consider.

The manufacture of the Kirk.
Those pastors are but th' handy-work
Of his mechanic paws, instilling
Divinity in them by feeling ;
From whence they start up Chosen Vessels.
Made by contact, as men get measles.
So Cardinals, they say, do grope
At th' other end the new-made Pope.
  Hold, hold (quoth Hudibras), soft fire,
They say, does make sweet malt. Good Squire,
Festina lente, Not too fast ;
For haste (the proverb says) makes waste.
The quirks and cavils thou dost make
Are false, and built upon mistake :
And I shall bring you, with your pack
Of fallacies, t' *Elenchi* [1] back ;
And put your arguments in mood
And figure to be understood.
I'll force you by right ratiocination
To leave your vitilitigation,[2]
And make you keep to the question close,
And argue *dialecticôs*.
  The question then, to state it first,
Is, Which is better or which worst,
Synods or Bears ? Bears I avow
To be the worst, and Synods thou.
But to make good th' assertion,
Thou say'st th' are really all one.
If so, not worse ; for if they 're *idem*,
Why then *tantundem dat tantidem ;*
For if they are the same, by course,
Neither is better, neither worse :

[1] 'Elenchi:' a logical figure. — [2] 'Vitilitigation:' a perverse love of wrangling.

But I deny they are the same,
More than a maggot and I am.
That both are *animalia*,
I grant, but not *rationalia:*
For though they do agree in kind,
Specific difference we find;
And can no more make Bears of these
Than prove my horse is Socrates.
That Synods are Bear-gardens too,
Thou dost affirm; but I say, No:
And thus I prove it, in a word,
Whats'ever assembly's not empower'd
To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain,
Can be no Synod: but Bear-garden
Has no such power, *ergo* 'tis none;
And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown.
But yet we are beside the question,
Which thou didst raise the first contest on;
For that was, Whether Bears are better
Than Synod-men? I say, *Negatur.*
That Bears are beasts, and Synods men,
Is held by all: they're better then;
For Bears and Dogs on four legs go,
As beasts; but Synod-men on two.
'Tis true, they all have teeth and nails;
But prove that Synod-men have tails;
Or that a rugged, shaggy fur
Grows o'er the hide of Presbyter;
Or that his snout and spacious ears
Do hold proportion with a Bear's.
A Bear's a savage beast, of all
Most ugly and unnatural,
Whelp'd without form, until the dam
Has lick'd it into shape and frame:

But all thy light can ne'er evict,
That ever Synod-man was lick'd,
Or brought to any other fashion
Than his own will and inclination.
  But thou dost further yet in this
Oppugn thyself and sense; that is,
Thou wouldst have Presbyters to go
For Bears and Dogs, and Bearwards too:
A strange chimera of beasts and men,
Made up of pieces heterogene;
Such as in Nature never met
In eodem subjecto yet.
  Thy other arguments are all
Supposures, hypothetical,
That do but beg, and we may choose
Either to grant them, or refuse.
Much thou hast said, which I know when
And where thou stolest from other men
(Whereby 'tis plain thy Light and Gifts
Are all but plagiary shifts):
And is the same that Ranter said,
Who, arguing with me, broke my head,
And tore a handful of my beard.
The self-same cavils then I heard,
When, being in hot dispute about
This controversy, we fell out;
And what thou know'st I answer'd then
Will serve to answer thee again.
  Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th' abuse
Of human learning you produce;
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;
A trade of knowledge as replete
As others are with fraud and cheat;

An art t' incumber Gifts and Wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes Light inactive, dull and troubled,
Like little David in Saul's doublet;
A cheat that scholars put upon
Other men's reason and their own;
A fort of error, to ensconce
Absurdity and ignorance,
That renders all the avenues
To truth impervious and abstruse,
By making plain things, in debate,
By art perplex'd and intricate:
For nothing goes for Sense, or Light,
That will not with old rules jump right;
As if rules were not in the schools
Derived from truth, but truth from rules.
  This Pagan Heathenish invention
Is good for nothing but contention:
For as in sword-and-buckler fight,
All blows do on the target light;
So when men argue, the greatest part
O' the contest falls on terms of art,
Until the fustian stuff be spent,
And then they fall to th' argument.
  Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast
Outrun the constable at last:
For thou art fallen on a new
Dispute, as senseless as untrue,
But to the former opposite,
And contrary as black to white;
Mere *disparata;*[1] that concerning
Presbytery, this human learning;

[1] '*Disparata:*' things unlike.

To things s' averse, they never yet
But in thy rambling fancy met.
But I shall take a fit occasion
T' evince thee by ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Than this we're in ; therefore let's stop here,
And rest our weary'd bones awhile,
Already tired with other toil.

PART SECOND.

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight, by damnable Magician,
Being cast illegally in prison;
Love brings his action on the case,[1]
And lays it upon HUDIBRAS.
How he receives the Lady's visit,
And cunningly solicits his suit,
Which she defers; yet, on parole,
Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.

BUT now, t' observe romantic method,
Let bloody steel awhile be sheathed;
And all those harsh and rugged sounds
Of bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds,
Exchanged to Love's more gentle style,
To let our reader breathe awhile:
In which, that we may be as brief as
Is possible by way of preface,
Is't not enough to make one strange,
That some men's fancies should ne'er change,
But make all people do, and say,
The same things still the self-same way?
Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,
And knights pursuing like a whirlwind:

[1] 'Love brings his action on the case:' an action on the case is a writ brought against any one for an offence done without force, and by law not specially provided for.

Others make all their knights, in fits
Of jealousy, to lose their wits;
Till drawing blood o' the dames, like witches[1]
They're forthwith cured of their capriches.
Some always thrive in their amours,
By pulling plaisters off their sores;
As cripples do to get an alms,
Just so do they, and win their dames.
Some force whole regions, in despite
O' geography, to change their site;
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before come after.
But those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think 's sufficient at one time.

But we forget in what sad plight
We whilom left the captived Knight,
And pensive Squire, both bruised in body,
And conjured into safe custody;
Tired with dispute, and speaking Latin,
As well as basting and bear-baiting,
And desperate of any course
To free himself by wit or force;
His only solace was, that now
His dog-bolt fortune was so low,
That either it must quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend;
In which he found th' event, no less
Than other times, beside his guess.

There is a tall long-sided dame
(But wond'rous light) ycleped Fame,

[1] 'Till drawing blood o' the dames, like witches:' it is a vulgar opinion, that the witch can have no power over the person so doing.

That like a thin cameleon boards
Herself on air, and eats her words;
Upon her shoulders wings she wears
Like hanging sleeves, lined thro' with ears,
And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
Made good by deep mythologist;
With these she through the welkin flies,
And sometimes carries truth, oft lies;
With letters hung, like eastern pigeons,
And Mercuries of furthest regions,
Diurnals writ for regulation
Of lying, to inform the nation,
And by their public use to bring down
The rate of whetstones in the kingdom.
About her neck a pacquet-mail,
Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,
Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
And cows of monsters brought to bed;
Of hailstones big as pullets' eggs,
And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs;
A blazing star seen in the west,
By six or seven men at least.
Two trumpets she does sound at once,
But both of clean contrary tones;
But whether both with the same wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not; only this can tell,
The one sounds vilely, th' other well;
And therefore vulgar authors name
The one Good, th' other Evil Fame.
This tattling gossip knew too well
What mischief Hudibras befel;
And straight the spiteful tidings bears
Of all to th' unkind Widow's ears.

Democritus[1] ne'er laugh'd so loud,
To see bawds carted through the crowd,
Or funerals with stately pomp
March slowly on in solemn dump,
As she laugh'd out, until her back,
As well as sides, was like to crack.
She vow'd she would go see the sight,
And visit the distressed Knight;
To do the office of a neighbour,
And be a gossip at his labour;
And from his wooden jail, the stocks,
To set at large his fetter-locks;
And, by exchange, parole, or ransom,
To free him from th' enchanted mansion.
This being resolved, she call'd for hood
And usher, implements abroad
Which ladies wear, beside a slender
Young waiting damsel to attend her:
All which appearing, on she went
To find the Knight, in limbo pent.
And 'twas not long before she found
Him and his stout Squire, in the pound;
Both coupled in enchanted tether,
By further leg behind together:
For, as he sat upon his rump,
His head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his ears on either side,
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl;
She came upon him, in his wooden
Magician's circle, on the sudden,

[1] 'Demócritus:' the laughing philosopher.

As spirits do t' a conjuror,
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.
  No sooner did the Knight perceive her,
But straight he fell into a fever,
Inflamed all over with disgrace,
To be seen by her in such a place ;
Which made him hang his head, and scowl
And wink, and goggle like an owl ;
He felt his brains begin to swim,
When thus the Dame accosted him :
  This place (quoth she) they say's enchanted,
And with delinquent spirits haunted,
That here are ty'd in chains, and scourged,
Until their guilty crimes be purged :
Look, there are two of them appear,
Like persons I have seen somewhere.
Some have mistaken blocks and posts
For spectres, apparitions, ghosts,
With saucer-eyes and horns ; and some
Have heard the Devil beat a drum :
But if our eyes are not false glasses,
That give a wrong account of faces,
That beard and I should be acquainted,
Before 'twas conjured and enchanted ;
For though it be disfigured somewhat,
As if 't had lately been in combat,
It did belong to a worthy Knight,
Howe'er this goblin is come by 't.
  When Hudibras the Lady heard,
Discoursing thus upon his beard,
And speak with such respect and honour,
Both of the beard and the beard's owner,
He thought it best to set as good
A face upon it as he could,

And thus he spoke: Lady, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right;
The beard's th' identic beard you knew,
The same numerically true;
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himself.
O Heavens! (quoth she), can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;
Not by your individual whiskers,
But by your dialect and discourse,
That never spoke to man or beast
In notions vulgarly express'd.
But what malignant star, alas!
Has brought you both to this sad pass?
Quoth he, The fortune of the war,—
Which I am less afflicted for
Than to be seen with beard and face
By you in such a homely case.
Quoth she, Those need not be ashamed
For being honourably maim'd;
If he that is in battle conquer'd,
Have any title to his own beard,
Though yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your visage more adorn
Than if 'twere pruned, and starch'd, and lander'd,
And cut square by the Russian standard.[1]
A torn beard's like a tatter'd ensign,
That's bravest which there are most rents in.
That petticoat about your shoulders
Does not so well become a soldier's;
And I'm afraid they are worse handled,
Although i' th' rear, your beard the van led;

[1] 'Russian standard:' Peter the Great put a tax on, and sorely diminished the longitude of beards.

And those uneasy bruises make
My heart for company to ache,
To see so worshipful a friend
I' th' pillory set at the wrong end.
  Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd Pain
Is (as the learned Stoics maintain)
Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good,
But merely as 'tis understood.
Sense is deceitful, and may feign,
As well in counterfeiting pain
As other gross phenomenas
In which it oft mistakes the case.
But since th' immortal intellect
(That's free from error and defect,
Whose objects still persist the same)
Is free from outward bruise or maim,
Which nought external can expose
To gross material bangs or blows,
It follows, we can ne'er be sure
Whether we pain or not endure;
And just so far are sore and grieved
As by the fancy is believed.
Some have been wounded with conceit,
And died of mere opinion straight;
Others, though wounded sore in reason,
Felt no contusion, nor discretion.
A Saxon Duke did grow so fat,
That mice (as histories relate)
Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His postique parts, without his feeling:
Then how is't possible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick?
  Quoth she, I grant it is in vain
For one that's basted to feel pain,

Because the pangs his bones endure
Contribute nothing to the cure ;
Yet honour hurt, is wont to rage
With pain no med'cine can assuage.
  Quoth he, That honour's very squeamish
That takes a basting for a blemish :
For what's more honourable than scars,
Or skin to tatters rent in wars ?
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow :
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather ;
And yet have met, after long running,
With some whom they have taught that cunning.
'The furthest way about t' o'ercome,
In th' end does prove the nearest home.
By laws of learned duellists,
They that are bruised with wood or fists,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are cowards and poltroons :
But if they dare engage t' a second,
They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.
  Th' old Romans freedom did bestow,
Our Princes worship, with a blow.
King Pyrrhus cured his splenetic
And testy courtiers with a kick.
The Negus,[1] when some mighty lord
Or potentate's to be restored,
And pardon'd for some great offence,
With which he's willing to dispense,
First has him laid upon his belly,
Then beaten back and side t' a jelly :

[1] 'Negus:' a king of Ethiopia.

That done, he rises, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the princely blows ;
Departs not meanly proud, and boasting
Of his magnificent rib-roasting.
The beaten soldier proves most manful,
That, like his sword, endures the anvil ;
And justly 's held more formidable,
The more his valour 's malleable :
But he that fears a bastinado
Will run away from his own shadow :
And though I'm now in durance fast,
By our own party basely cast,
Ransom, exchange, parole, refused,
And worse than by the en'my used ;
In close *catasta* [1] shut, past hope
Of wit, or valour, to elope ;
As beards, the nearer that they tend
To th' earth, still grow more reverend ;
And cannons shoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their breeches ;
I'll make this low dejected fate
Advance me to a greater height.
Quoth she, You've almost made me in love
With that which did my pity move.
Great wits and valours, like great states,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights ;
Th' extremes of glory and of shame,
Like east and west, become the same :
No Indian prince has to his palace
More foll'wers than a thief to th' gallows.
But if a beating seem so brave,
What glories must a whipping have ?

[1] 'Catasta :' a cage.

Such great achievements cannot fail
To cast salt on a woman's tail :
For if I thought your nat'ral talent
Of passive courage were so gallant,
As you strain hard to have it thought,
I could grow amorous, and dote.
  When Hudibras this language heard,
He prick'd up 's ears, and stroked his beard.
Thought he, this is the lucky hour,
Wines work[1] when vines are in the flower ;
This crisis then I'll set my rest on,
And put her boldly to the question
  Madam, What you would seem to doubt
Shall be to all the world made out ;
How I've been drubb'd, and with what spirit
And magnanimity I bear it ;
And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll stake myself down against you ;
And if I fail in love or troth,
Be you the winner, and take both.
  Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
Say, Fools for arguments use wagers ;
And though I praised your valour, yet
I did not mean to baulk your wit ;
Which if you have, you must needs know
What I have told you before now ;
And you b' experiment have proved,
I cannot love where I'm beloved.
  Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich
Beyond th' infliction of a witch ;
So cheats to play with those still aim
That do not understand the game.

[1] 'Wines work-' alluding to the alleged fact, that while vines are in flower the wine in cellars undergoes a degree of fermentation.

Love in your heart as idly burns
As fire in antique Roman urns,
To warm the dead, and vainly light
Those only that see nothing by 't.
Have you not power to entertain,
And render love for love again ;
As no man can draw in his breath,
At once, and force out air beneath ?
Or do you love yourself so much,
To bear all rivals else a grutch ?
What fate can lay a greater curse
Than you upon yourself would force ?
For wedlock without love, some say,
Is but a lock without a key.
It is a kind of rape to marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye :
For what does make it ravishment
But being against the mind's consent ?
A rape that is the more inhuman
For being acted by a woman.
Why are you fair, but to entice us
To love you, that you may despise us ?
But though you cannot love, you say,
Out of your own fanatic way,
Why should you not at least allow
Those that love you to do so too ?
For, as you fly me, and pursue
Love more averse, so I do you ;
And am by your own doctrine taught
To practise what you call a fault.
  Quoth she, If what you say is true,
You must fly me, as I do you ;
But 'tis not what we do, but say,
In love and preaching, that must sway.

Quoth he, To bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my pulse to move,
My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hiccup :
Command me to p—s out the moon,
And 'twill as easily be done :
Love's power 's too great to be withstood
By feeble human flesh and blood.
'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The hect'ring kill-cow Hercules ;
Transform'd his leager-lion's skin
T' a petticoat, and made him spin ;
Seized on his club, and made it dwindle
T' a feeble distaff and a spindle.
'Twas he made Emperors gallants
To their own sisters and their aunts ;
Set Popes and Cardinals agog,
To play with pages at leap-frog.
'Twas he that gave our Senate purges,
And flux'd the House of many a burgess :
Made those that represent the nation
Submit, and suffer amputation ;
And all the Grandees o' th' Cabal
Adjourn to tubs, at spring and fall.
He mounted Synod-men, and rode 'em
To Dirty Lane and Little Sodom ;
Made 'em curvet like Spanish jennets,
And take the ring at Madam ——.[1]
'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
More than the Devil could tempt him to,
In cold and frosty weather grow
Enamour'd of a wife of snow ;

[1] 'Stennett's:' a notorious character of the period.

And though she were of rigid temper,
With melting flames accost, and tempt her;
Which after in enjoyment quenching,
He hung a garland on his engine.
  Quoth she, If love have these effects,
Why is it not forbid our sex?
Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted,
For diabolical and wicked?
And sung, as out of tune, against,
As Turk and Pope are by the Saints?
I find, I've greater reason for it,
Than I believed before t' abhor it.
  Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects
Spring from your Heathenish neglects
Of Love's great pow'r, which he returns
Upon yourselves with equal scorns;
And those who worthy lovers slight,
Plagues with prepost'rous appetite.
This made the beauteous Queen of Crete
To take a town-bull for her sweet;
And from her greatness stoop so low
To be the rival of a cow:
Others to prostitute their great hearts,
To be baboons' and monkeys' sweethearts:
Some with the Devil himself in league grow,
By 's representative, a Negro.
'Twas this made Vestal maids love-sick,
And venture to be bury'd quick:
Some by their fathers and their brothers
To be made mistresses and mothers.
'Tis this that proudest dames enamours
On lackeys, and *valets des chambres*;
Their haughty stomachs overcomes,
And makes 'em stoop to dirty grooms;

To slight the world, and to disparage
C—s, issue, infamy, and marriage.
Quoth she, These judgments are severe,
Yet such as I should rather bear
Than trust men with their oaths, or prove
Their faith and secresy in love.
Says he, There is as weighty reason
For secresy in love, as treason.
Love is a burglarer, a felon,
That at the windore-eye does steal in,
To rob the heart, and with his prey
Steals out again a closer way,
Which whosoever can discover,
He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
In men, as nat'rally as in charcoals,
Which sooty chemists stop in holes,
When out of wood they extract coals:
So lovers should their passions choke,
That though they burn, they may not smoke.
'Tis like that sturdy thief[1] that stole
And dragg'd beasts backwards into 's hole:
So Love does lovers, and us men
Draws by the tails into his den,
That no impression may discover,
And trace t' his cave the wary lover.
But if you doubt I should reveal
What you intrust me under seal,
I'll prove myself as close and virtuous
As your own secretary Albertus.[2]
Quoth she, I grant you may be close
In hiding what your aims propose:

1 'Sturdy thief:' Cacus. See 2d vol. of Cowper.—2 'Albertus:' Bishop of Ratisbon.

Love-passions are like parables,
By which men still mean something else ;
Though love be all the world's pretence,
Money's the mythologic sense,
The real substance of the shadow,
Which all address and courtship's made to.
Thought he, I understand your play,
And how to quit you your own way ;
He that will win his Dame, must do
As Love does, when he bends his bow ;
With one hand thrust the Lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great
Provocative to am'rous heat :
It is all philtres, and high diet,
That makes love rampant, and to fly out ;
'Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and blossoms at fourscore :
'Tis that by which the Sun and Moon,
At their own weapons are out-done ;
That makes knights-errant fall in trances,
And lay about 'em in romances ;
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and sacred call :
For what is worth in any thing,
But so much money as 'twill bring ?
Or what but riches is there known,
Which man can solely call his own ;
In which no creature goes his half,
Unless it be to squint and laugh ?
I do confess, with goods and land,
I'd have a wife at second hand ;
And such you are : nor is't your person
My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on ;

But 'tis (your better part) your riches
That my enamour'd heart bewitches:
Let me your fortune but possess,
And settle your person how you please;
Or make it o'er in trust to th' Devil,
You'll find me reasonable and civil.
  Quoth she, I like this plainness better
Than false mock passion, speech, or letter,
Or any feat of qualm or sowning,[1]
But hanging of yourself, or drowning;
Your only way with me, to break
Your mind, is breaking of your neck:
For as when merchants break, o'erthrown
Like nine-pins, they strike others down;
So that would break my heart, which done,
My tempting fortune is your own.
These are but trifles; ev'ry lover
Will damn himself, over and over,
And greater matters undertake
For a less worthy mistress' sake:
Yet they're the only ways to prove
Th' unfeign'd realities of love;
For he that hangs, or beats out 's brains,
The Devil's in him if he feigns.
  Quoth Hudibras, This way's too rough
For mere experiment and proof;
It is no jesting, trivial matter,
To swing i' th' air, or douce in water,
And, like a water-witch, try love;
That's to destroy, and not to prove;
As if a man should be dissected,
To find what part is disaffected:

[1] 'Sowning:' swooning.

Your better way is to make over,
In trust, your fortune to your lover:
Trust is a trial; if it break,
'Tis not so desp'rate as a neck:
Besides, th' experiment's more certain;
Men venture necks to gain a fortune:
The soldier does it every day
(Eight to the week) for sixpence pay:
Your pettifoggers damn their souls,
To share with knaves in cheating fools:
And merchants, venturing through the main,
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain:
This is the way I advise you to;
Trust me, and see what I will do.
  Quoth she, I should be loath to run
Myself all th' hazard, and you none,
Which must be done, unless some deed
Of yours aforesaid do precede;
Give but yourself one gentle swing
For trial, and I'll cut the string:
Or give that rev'rend head a maul,
Or two, or three, against a wall;
To show you are a man of mettle,
And I'll engage myself to settle.
  Quoth he, My head's not made of brass,
As Friar Bacon's noddle was;
Nor (like the Indian's skull) so tough,
That authors say, 'twas musket proof;
As it had need to be, to enter
As yet, on any new adventure:
You see what bangs it has endured,
That would, before new feats, be cured:
But if that's all you stand upon,
Here strike me, Luck, it shall be done.

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone
As you suppose; two words t' a bargain;
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright proof;
And yet 'tis no fantastic pique
I have to love, nor coy dislike;
'Tis no implicit, nice aversion
T' your conversation, mien, or person,
But a just fear, lest you should prove
False and perfidious in love:
For if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you.
Quoth he, My faith, as adamantine,
As chains of destiny, I'll maintain;
True as Apollo ever spoke,
Or oracle from heart of oak;
And if you'll give my flame but vent,
Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
And shine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other pigsney,
The sun and day shall sooner part
Than love or you shake off my heart;
The sun, that shall no more dispense
His own, but your bright influence:
I'll carve your name on barks of trees,
With true-love-knots and flourishes,
That shall infuse eternal spring,
And everlasting flourishing;
Drink every letter on't in stum,
And make it brisk champaign become:
Where'er you tread, your foot shall set
The primrose and the violet;
All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,
Shall borrow from your breath their odours;

Nature her charter shall renew,
And take all lives of things from you!
The world depend upon your eye,
And when you frown upon it, die:
Only our loves shall still survive,
New worlds and natures to outlive;
And like to heralds' moons remain,
All crescents, without change or wane.
  Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,
Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss;
For you will find it a hard chapter
To catch me with poetic rapture,
In which your Mastery of Art
Doth show itself, and not your heart:
Nor will you raise in mine combustion,
By dint of high heroic fustian.
She that with poetry is won
Is but a desk to write upon;
And what men say of her they mean
No more than on the thing they lean.
Some with Arabian spices strive
T' embalm her cruelly alive;
Or season her, as French cooks use
Their *haut-gousts*, *bouillies*, or *ragousts*:
Use her so barbarously ill,
To grind[1] her lips upon a mill,
Until the *facet doublet*[2] doth
Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth;
Her mouth compared t' an oyster's, with
A row of pearl in 't, 'stead of teeth.
Others make posies of her cheeks,
Where red and whitest colours mix;

[1] 'To grind:' *i. e.*, to polish her like a ruby.— [2] '*Facet doublet:*' signifies a false coloured stone, cut in many faces or sides.

In which the lily and the rose
For Indian lake and ceruse[1] goes:
The Sun and Moon, by her bright eyes
Eclipsed, and darken'd in the skies,
Are but black patches, that she wears,
Cut into suns, and moons, and stars:
By which astrologers, as well
As those in heaven above, can tell
What strange events they do foreshow
Unto her under world below:
Her voice, the music of the spheres,
So loud, it deafens mortals' ears,
As wise philosophers have thought,
And that 's the cause we hear it not.
This has been done by some, who those
Th' adored in rhyme would kill in prose;
And in those ribbons would have hung,
Of which melodiously they sung,
That have the hard fate to write best
Of those still that deserve it least.
It matters not how false, or forced,
So the best things be said o' th' worst;
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
Only the arrow 's drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a swan or goose
They level at; so shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip
Both of their sound and rotten sheep:
For wits that carry low or wide,
Must be aim'd higher or beside
The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,
But when they take their aim awry.

[1] 'Indian lake and ceruse:' lake, a fine crimson sort of paint; ceruse, a preparation of lead with vinegar, commonly called white-lead.

But I do wonder you should choose
This way t' attack me, with your Muse,
As one cut out to pass your tricks on,
With Fulhams of poetic fiction : [1]
I rather hoped I should no more
Hear from you o' th' gallanting score :
For hard dry-bastings used to prove
The readiest remedies of love ;
Next a dry diet : but if those fail,
Yet this uneasy loop-holed jail,
In which ye 're hamper'd by the fetlock,
Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock ;
Wedlock, that 's worse than any hole here,
If that may serve you for a cooler,
T' allay your mettle, all agog
Upon a wife, the heavier clog :
Nor rather thank your gentler fate,
That, for a bruised or broken pate,
Has freed you from those knobs that grow
Much harder on the marry'd brow.
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage,
Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puissance ;
Level at Beauty and at Wit ;
The fairest mark is easiest hit.
  Quoth Hudibras, I am beforehand,
In that already, with your command ;
For where does Beauty and high Wit
But in your Constellation meet ?
  Quoth she, What does a match imply,
But likeness and equality ?

[1] ' Fulhams of poetic fiction : ' cant words for false dice.

I know you cannot think me fit
To be the yoke-fellow of your wit;
Nor take one of so mean deserts,
To be the partner of your parts;
A grace which, if I could believe,
I've not the conscience to receive
That conscience, quoth Hudibras,
Is misinform'd—I'll state the case:
A man may be a legal donor
Of anything whereof he 's owner,
And may confer it where he lists,
I' th' judgment of all casuists:
Then wit, and parts, and valour may
Be alienated, and made away,
By those that are proprietors,
As I may give or sell my horse.
Quoth she, I grant the case is true,
And proper 'twixt your horse and you;
But whether I may take, as well
As you may give away or sell?
Buyers you know, are bid beware;
And worse than thieves receivers are.
How shall I answer Hue and Cry,
For a roan gelding, twelve hands high,
All spurr'd and switch'd, a lock on 's hoof,
A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof,
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,
And in the open market toll'd for?
Or, should I take you for a stray,
You must be kept a year and day
(Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,
Where, if ye 're sought, you may be found;
And in the meantime I must pay
For all your provender and hay.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon
T' enervate this objection,
And prove myself, by topic clear,
No gelding, as you would infer.
Loss of virility 's averr'd
To be the cause of loss of beard,
That does (like embryo in the womb)
Abortive on the chin become :
This first a woman did invent,
In envy of man's ornament,
Semiramis of Babylon,
Who first of all cut men o' th' stone,
To mar their beards, and laid foundation
Of sow-geldering operation :
Look on this beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either ?
Next it appears I am no horse,
That I can argue and discourse,
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail——
Quoth she, That nothing will avail;
For some philosophers of late here,
Write, men have four legs by nature,
And that 'tis custom makes them go
Erroneously upon but two ;
As 'twas in Germany made good,
B' a boy that lost himself in a wood,
And, growing down t' a man, was wont
With wolves upon all-fours to hunt.
As for your reasons drawn from tails,
We cannot say they 're true or false,
Till you explain yourself, and show
B' experiment 'tis so or no.
Quoth he, If you'll join issue on 't,
I'll give you sat'sfact'ry account ;

So you will promise, if you lose,
To settle all, and be my spouse.
That never shall be done (quoth she)
To one that wants a tail, by me;
For tails by Nature sure were meant,
As well as beards, for ornament;
And though the vulgar count them homely,
In men or beast they are so comely,
So genteel, *à-la-mode*, and handsome,
I'll never marry man that wants one:
And till you can demonstrate plain,
You have one equal to your mane,
I'll be torn piecemeal by a horse,
Ere I'll take you for better or worse.
The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,
Which makes him have so strong a breath,
Each night he stinks a queen to death;[1]
Yet I shall rather lie in 's arms
Than yours on any other terms.
Quoth he, What Nature can afford
I shall produce, upon my word;
And if she ever gave that boon
To man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean by postulate illation,
When you shall offer just occasion:
But since ye 've yet deny'd to give
My heart, your pris'ner, a reprieve,
But made it sink down to my heel,
Let that at least your pity feel,
And for the sufferings of your martyr,
Give its poor entertainer quarter;

[1] 'Each night he stinks a queen to death:' alluding to the story of Macamut, Sultan of Cambaya.

And by discharge, or mainprise, grant
Deliv'ry from this base restraint.
Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg
Stuck in a hole here like a peg;
And if I knew which way to do 't
(Your honour safe), I 'd let you out.
That dames, by jail-delivery
Of errant knights, have been set free,
When by enchantment they have been,
And sometimes for it, too, laid in,
Is that which knights are bound to do
By order, oath, and honour too;
For what are they renown'd and famous else,
But aiding of distressed damosels?
But for a lady, no ways errant,
To free a knight, we have no warrant
In any authentical romance,
Or classic author yet of France;
And I 'd be loath to have you break
An ancient custom for a freak;
Or innovation introduce,
In place of things of antique use,
To free your heels by any course,
That might b' unwholesome to your spurs;
Which if I should consent unto,
It is not in my power to do;
For 'tis a service must be done ye,
With solemn previous ceremony,
Which always has been used t' untie
The charms of those who here do lie:
For as the Ancients heretofore
To Honour's temple had no door
But that which thorough Virtue's lay,
So from this dungeon there 's no way

To honour'd Freedom, but by passing
That other virtuous school of Lashing,
Where knights are kept in narrow lists,
With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists ;
In which they for a while are tenants,
And for their ladies suffer penance :
Whipping, that 's Virtue's governess,
Tutress of Arts and Sciences ;
That mends the gross mistakes of Nature,
And puts new life into dull matter ;
That lays foundation for renown,
And all the honours of the gown.
This suffer'd, they are set at large,
And freed with honourable discharge ;
Then, in their robes the penitentials
Are straight presented with credentials,
And in their way attended on
By magistrates of every town ;
And, all respect and charges paid,
They 're to their ancient seats convey'd.
Now if you'll venture, for my sake,
To try the toughness of your back,
And suffer (as the rest have done)
The laying of a whipping on
(And may you prosper in your suit,
As you with equal vigour do 't),
I here engage myself to loose ye,
And free your heels from caperdewsie.
But since our sex's modesty
Will not allow I should be by,
Bring me, on oath, a fair account,
And honour too, when you have done 't ;
And I'll admit you to the place
You claim as due in my good grace.

If matrimony and hanging go
By dest'ny, why not whipping too?
What med'cine else can cure the fits
Of lovers when they lose their wits?
Love is a boy, by poets styled;
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.
A Persian Emp'ror whipp'd his grannam,
The Sea,[1] his mother Venus came on;
And hence some rev'rend men approve
Of rosemary[2] in making love.
As skilful coopers hoop their tubs
With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs;[3]
Why may not whipping have as good
A grace, perform'd in time and mood,
With comely movement, and by art,
Raise passion in a lady's heart?
It is an easier way to make
Love by, than that which many take.
Who would not rather suffer whippin',
Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbon?
Make wicked verses, treats, and faces,
And spell names over, with beer-glasses?
Be under vows to hang and die
Love's sacrifice, and all a lie?
With China oranges and tarts,
And whining plays, lay baits for hearts?
Bribe chambermaids with love and money,
To break no roguish jests upon ye?
For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roses,
With painted perfumes, hazard noses?

[1] 'A Persian Emperor,' &c.: Xerxes, who used to whip the seas and wind.— [2] 'Rosemary:' *ros marinus*—sea-dew; alluding to the fable of Venus rising from the sea-foam. — [3] 'With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs:' alluding to the Lydian and Phrygian measures of music.

Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
Do penance in a paper lanthorn ?
All this you may compound for now,
By suff'ring what I offer you ;
Which is no more than has been done
By knights for ladies long agone.
Did not the great La Mancha do so
For the Infanta Del Taboso ?
Did not th' illustrious Bassa make
Himself a slave for Misse's sake ;[1]
And with bull's pizzle, for her love,
Was taw'd as gentle as a glove ?
Was not young Florio sent (to cool
His flame for Biancafiore) to school,[2]
Where pedant made his pathic bum
For her sake suffer martyrdom ?
Did not a certain lady whip,
Of late, her husband's own lordship ;
And, though a grandee of the House,
Claw'd him with fundamental blows ;
Ty'd him stark naked to a bed-post,
And firk'd his hide, as if sh' had rid post ;
And after in the Sessions-court,
Where whipping 's judged, had honour for 't ?
This swear you will perform, and then
I'll set you from th' enchanted den,
And the Magician's circle, clear.
  Quoth he, I do profess and swear,
And will perform what you enjoin,
Or may I never see you mine.
  Amen (quoth she), then turn'd about,
And bid her Squire let him out.

[1] 'Misse's sake:' in Scudery's romance. — [2] 'Florio sent to school:' a story of Florio and Biancafiore in French.

But ere an artist could be found
T' undo the charms another bound,
The Sun grew low and left the skies,
Put down (some write) by ladies' eyes ;
The Moon pull'd off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from sight
(Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
That 's both her lustre and her shade),
And in the lantern of the night,
With shining horns hung out her light :
For darkness is the proper sphere
Where all false glories use t' appear.
The twinkling stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd lustre ;
While sleep the weary'd world relieved,
By counterfeiting Death revived.
His whipping penance, till the morn,
Our vot'ry thought it best t' adjourn,
And not to carry on a work
Of such importance in the dark
With erring haste, but rather stay,
And do 't in th' open face of day;
And in the meantime go in quest
Of next retreat to take his rest.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire, in hot dispute,
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange alarm, and stranger sight;
With which adventuring to stickle,
They 're sent away in nasty pickle.

'Tis strange how some men's tempers suit
(Like bawd and brandy) with dispute;
That for their own opinions stand fast
Only to have them claw'd and canvass'd;
That keep their consciences in cases,
As fiddlers do their crowds and bases,
Ne'er to be used but when they 're bent
To play a fit for argument;
Make true and false, unjust and just,
Of no use but to be discuss'd;
Dispute, and set a paradox,
Like a strait boot, upon the stocks,
And stretch'd it more unmercifully
Than Helmont, Montaigne, White, or Tully.
So th' ancient Stoics, in their porch,
With fierce dispute maintain'd their church,
Beat out their brains in fight and study,
To prove that virtue is a body;
That *bonum*[1] is an animal,
Made good with stout polemic brawl;
In which some hundreds on the place
Were slain outright, and many a face

[1] '*Bonum:*' good.

Retrench'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,
To maintain what their sect averr'd.
All which the Knight and Squire, in wrath
Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith,
Each striving to make good his own,
As by the sequel shall be shown.
The Sun had long since in the lap
Of Thetis taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boil'd, the Morn
From black to red began to turn;
When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aching
'Twixt sleeping kept, all night, and waking,
Began to rub his drowsy eyes,
And from his couch prepared to rise,
Resolving to despatch the deed
He vow'd to do, with trusty speed.
But first, with knocking loud, and bawling,
He roused the Squire, in truckle lolling;
And, after many circumstances,
Which vulgar authors in romances
Do use to spend their time and wits on,
To make impertinent description;
They got (with much ado) to horse,
And to the castle bent their course,
In which he to the Dame before
To suffer whipping-duty swore,
Where now arrived, and half unharness'd,
To carry on the work in earnest,
He stopp'd, and paused upon the sudden,
And with a serious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new scruple in his head,
Which first he scratch'd, and after said:
Whether it be direct infringeing,
An oath, if I should waive this swingeing,

And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
And so b' equivocation swear;
Or whether 't be a lesser sin
To be forsworn, than act the thing;
Are deep and subtle points, which must,
T' inform my conscience, be discuss'd;
In which to err a tittle may
To errors infinite make way;
And therefore I desire to know
Thy judgment ere we further go.
  Quoth Ralpho, Since you do enjoin 't,
I shall enlarge upon the point;
And, for my own part, do not doubt
The affirmative may be made out.
But first, to state the case aright,
For best advantage of our light;
And thus 'tis: Whether 't be a sin
To claw and curry your own skin,
Greater, or less, than to forbear,
And that you are forsworn forswear.
But first, o' th' first: The inward man,
And outward, like a clan and clan,
Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing:
Not that they really cuff, or fence,
But in a spiritual mystic sense;
Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble.
In literal fray 's abominable:
'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use
With Pagans, and apostate Jews,
To offer sacrifice of Bridewells,
Like modern Indians to their idols;
And mongrel Christians of our times,
That expiate less with greater crimes,

And call the foul abomination
Contrition and mortification.
Is 't not enough we 're bruised and kicked,
With sinful members of the wicked ;
Our vessels, that are sanctify'd,
Profaned and curry'd back and side ;
But we must claw ourselves with shameful
And Heathen stripes, by their example ?
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is impious, because they did it :
This therefore may be justly reckon'd
A heinous sin. Now, to the second,
That Saints may claim a dispensation
To swear and forswear on occasion,
I doubt not, but it will appear
With pregnant light : The point is clear.
Oaths are but words, and words but wind ;
Too feeble implements to bind,
And hold with deeds proportion, so
As shadows to a substance do.
Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit
The weaker vessel should submit.
Although your Church be opposite
To ours, as Black Friars are to White,
In rule and order, yet I grant
You are a Reformado Saint ;
And what the Saints do claim as due,
You may pretend a title to.
But Saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,
Know little of their privilege,
Further (I mean) than carrying on
Some self-advantage of their own :
For if the Devil, to serve his turn,
Can tell truth, why the Saints should scorn.

When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,
I think there 's little reason why ;
Else h' has a greater power than they,
Which 'twere impiety to say.
We 're not commanded to forbear,
Indefinitely, at all to swear ;
But to swear idly, and in vain,
Without self-interest or gain ;
For breaking of an oath and lying,
Is but a kind of self-denying,
A saint-like virtue, and from hence
Some have broke oaths by Providence ;
Some, to the glory of the Lord,
Perjured themselves, and broke their word :
And this the constant rule and practice
Of all our late apostles' acts is.
Was not the Cause at first begun
With perjury, and carry'd on ?
Was there an oath the godly took,
But in due time and place they broke ?
Did we not bring our oaths in first,
Before our plate, to have them burst,
And cast in fitter models, for
The present use of Church and War ?
Did not our worthies of the House,
Before they broke the peace, break vows ?
For, having freed us, first from both
Th' Allegiance and Suprem'cy oath,
Did they not next compel the nation
To take and break the Protestation ?
To swear, and after to recant,
The Solemn League and Covenant ?

To take th' Engagement,[1] and disclaim it,
Enforced by those who first did frame it?
Did they not swear at first to fight
For the King's safety, and his right;
And after march'd to find him out,
And charged him home with horse and foot;
But yet still had the confidence
To swear it was in his defence?
Did they not swear to live and die
With Essex, and straight laid him by?
If that were all, for some have swore
As false as they, if they did no more:
Did they not swear to maintain Law,
In which that swearing made a flaw?
For Protestant Religion vow,
That did that vowing disallow?
For privilege of Parliament,
In which that swearing made a rent?
And since, of all the three, not one
Is left in being, 'tis well known.
Did they not swear, in express words,
To prop and back the House of Lords;
And after turn'd out the whole houseful
Of Peers, as dang'rous and unuseful?
So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
Swore all the Commons out o' th' House;
Vow'd that the red-coats would disband,
Ay, marry would they, at their command;
And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore,
Till th' army turn'd them out of door.
This tells us plainly what they thought,
That oaths and swearing go for nought,

[1] 'Engagement:' by the Engagement every man was to swear, to be true and faithful to the Government established, without a King or House of Peers.

And that by them th' were only meant,
To serve for an expedient:
What was the public faith found out for,
But to slur men of what they fought for?
The public faith, which every one
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why
Should private faith have such a tie?
Oaths were not purposed, more than law,
To keep the good and just in awe,
But to confine the bad and sinful,
Like mortal cattle in a pinfold.
A Saint 's o' th' heav'nly realm a Peer:
And as no Peer is bound to swear
But on the Gospel of his honour,
Of which he may dispose, as owner;
It follows, though the thing be forgery,
And false t' affirm it is no perjury,
But a mere ceremony, and a breach
Of nothing but a form of speech;
And goes for no more, when 'tis took,
Than mere saluting of the book.
Suppose the Scriptures are of force,
They 're but commissions of course;
And Saints have freedom to digress,
And vary from 'em, as they please;
Or misinterpret them by private
Instructions, to all aims they drive at.
Then why should we ourselves abridge,
And curtail our own privilege?
Quakers (that, like to lanterns, bear
Their light within 'em) will not swear;
Their gospel is an Accidence,[1]

[1] 'Accidence:' alluding to their literal renderings of Scripture.

By which they construe Conscience,
And hold no sin so deeply red,
As that of breaking Priscian's [1] head
(The head and founder of their order,
That stirring hats held worse than murder).
These thinking they 're obliged to troth
In swearing, will not take an oath ;
Like mules, who, if they 've not their will
To keep their own pace, stand stock-still ;
But they are weak, and little know
What free-born consciences may do.
'Tis the temptation of the Devil
That makes all human actions evil :
For Saints may do the same things by
The Spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the Devil's instance do ;
And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the Saints and Wicked vary.
For as on land there is no beast,
But in some fish at sea 's express'd ;
So in the Wicked there 's no vice
Of which the Saints have not a spice ;
And yet that thing that 's pious in
The one, in th' other is a sin.
Is 't not ridiculous, and nonsense,
A Saint should be a slave to Conscience ;
That ought to be above such fancies,
As far as above ordinances ?
She 's [2] of the Wicked, as I guess,
B' her looks, her language, and her dress :
And though, like constables, we search,
For false wares, one another's Church ;

[1] 'Priscian :' the great grammarian. [2] 'She's :' the widow, namely.

Yet all of us hold this for true,
No faith is to the Wicked due ;
For truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.
Quoth Hudibras, All this is true,
Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
Those mysteries and revelations ;
And therefore topical evasions
Of subtle turns and shifts of sense,
Serve best with the Wicked for pretence,
Such as the learned Jesuits use,
And Presbyterians, for excuse,
Against the Protestants, when th' happen
To find their Churches taken napping :
As thus : A breach of oath is duple,
And either way admits a scruple,
And may be *ex parte* of the maker,
More criminal than th' injured taker ;
For he that strains too far a vow,
Will break it, like an o'er-bent bow ;
And he that made, and forced it, broke it,
Not he that for convenience took it :
A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath,
As found t' all purposes of troth,
As broken laws are ne'er the worse,
Nay, till they 're broken, have no force.
What 's Justice to a man, or Laws,
That never comes within their claws ?
They have no pow'r, but to admonish,
Cannot control, coerce, or punish,
Until they 're broken, and then touch
Those only that do make 'em such.
Beside, no engagement is allow'd
By men in prison made, for good ;

For when they 're set at liberty,
They 're from th' engagement, too, set free.
The Rabbins write, When any Jew
Did make to God or man a vow,
Which afterwards he found untoward,
And stubborn to be kept, or too hard;
Any three other Jews o' th' nation
Might free him from the obligation:
And have not two Saints power to use
A greater privilege than three Jews?
The court of Conscience, which in man
Should be supreme and sovereign,
Is 't fit should be subordinate
To ev'ry petty court i' th' State,
And have less power than the lesser,
To deal with perjury at pleasure?
Have its proceedings disallow'd, or
Allow'd, at fancy of py-powder?[1]
Tell all, it does or does not know,
For swearing *ex officio?*
Be forced t' impeach a broken hedge,
And pigs unringed at *Vis. Franc.* pledge?[2]
Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,
Priests, witches, eaves-droppers, and nuisance;
Tell who did play at games unlawful,
And who fill'd pots of ale but half full;
And have no power at all, nor shift,
To help itself at a dead lift?
Why should not Conscience have vacation
As well as other courts o' th' nation;
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance and return;

[1] 'Py-powder:' this was the name of certain courts in France.

[2] 'Pledge:' alluding to old English custom, that every free-born man, at fourteen years, found security for his loyalty.

And make as nice distinction serve
To split a case, as those that carve,
Invoking cuckolds' names, hit joints?
Why should not tricks as slight do points?
Is not th' High-court of Justice[1] sworn
To judge that law that serves their turn?
Make their own jealousies high treason,
And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on?
Cannot the learned counsel there
Make laws in any shape appear?
Mould 'em as witches do their clay,
When they make pictures to destroy,
And vex 'em into any form
That fits their purpose to do harm?
Rack 'em until they do confess,
Impeach of treason whom they please,
And most perfidiously condemn
Those that engaged their lives for them;
And yet do nothing in their own sense,
But what they ought by oath and conscience?
Can they not juggle, and, with slight
Conveyance, play with wrong and right;
And sell their blasts of wind as dear,
As Lapland witches bottled air?
Will not Fear, Favour, Bribe, and Grudge,
The same case sev'ral ways adjudge?
As seamen with the self-same gale,
Will sev'ral different courses sail;
As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds,
Those banks and dams, that, like a screen,
Did keep it out, now keep it in:

[1] 'High-court of Justice:' the famous tribunal erected for the trial of Charles I.

So when tyrannic usurpation
Invades the freedom of a nation,
The laws o' th' land that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it.
Does not in Chanc'ry every man swear
What makes best for him in his answer?
Is not the winding up witnesses
And nicking, more than half the bus'ness?
For witnesses, like watches, go
Just as they 're set, too fast or slow,
And where in conscience they 're strait-laced,
'Tis ten to one that side is cast.
Do not your juries give their verdict
As if they felt the cause, not heard it?
And as they please make matter of fact
Run all on one side, as they 're pack'd?
Nature has made man's breast no windores,
To publish what he does within doors;
Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
Unless his own rash folly blab it.
If oaths can do a man no good
In his own bus'ness, why they should
In other matters do him hurt,
I think there 's little reason for 't.
He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it;
Then how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made?
These reasons may perhaps look oddly
T' the wicked, though they evince the godly;
But if they will not serve to clear
My honour, I am ne'er the near.
Honour is like that glassy bubble[1]
That finds philosophers such trouble;

[1] 'Glassy bubble:' alluding to a problem which puzzled the Royal Society.

Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,
And wits are crack'd to find out why.
  Quoth Ralpho, Honour's but a word
To swear by, only in a lord:
In other men 'tis but a huff,
To vapour with, instead of proof;
That, like a wen, looks big and swells,
Is senseless, and just nothing else.
  Let it (quoth he) be what it will,
It has the world's opinion still.
But as men are not wise that run
The slightest hazard they may shun,
There may a medium be found out,
To clear to all the world the doubt;
And that is, if a man may do 't,
By proxy whipp'd, or substitute.
  Though nice and dark the point appear
(Quoth Ralph), it may hold up and clear.
That sinners may supply the place
Of suffering saints, is a plain case.
Justice gives sentence many times
On one man for another's crimes.
Our brethren of New England use
Choice malefactors to excuse,
And hang the guiltless in their stead,
Of whom the churches have less need;
As lately 't happen'd: In a town
There lived a cobbler, and but one,
That out of doctrine could cut use,
And mend men's lives, as well as shoes.
This precious brother, having slain,
In times of peace, an Indian,
Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
Because he was an Infidel;

The mighty Tottipottymoy
Sent to our elders an envoy,
Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league, held forth by Brother Patch,
Against the articles in force
Between both Churches, his and ours;
For which he craved the saints to render
Into his hands, or hang, th' offender:
But they maturely having weigh'd,
They had no more but him o' th' trade
(A man that served them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble),
Resolved to spare him; yet to do
The Indian Hoghan Moghan too
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid.
Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd,
And in your room another whipp'd?
For all philosophers, but the Sceptic,
Hold whipping may be sympathetic.
  It is enough, quoth Hudibras,
Thou hast resolved and clear'd the case;
And canst, in conscience, not refuse,
From thy own doctrine to raise use.
I know thou wilt not (for my sake)
Be tender-conscienced of thy back:
Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,
And give thy outward fellow a ferking;
And when thy vessel is new hoop'd,
All leaks of sinning will be stopp'd.
  Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter,
For, in all scruples of this nature,
No man includes himself, nor turns
The point upon his own concerns.

As no man of his own self catches
The itch, or amorous French aches;
So no man does himself convince,
By his own doctrine, of his sins:
And though all cry down self, none means
His own self in a literal sense:
Besides, it is not only foppish,
But vile, idolatrous, and Popish,
For one man out of his own skin
To frisk and whip another's sin;
As pedants, out of school-boys' breeches,
Do claw and curry their own itches.
But in this case it is profane,
And sinful too, because in vain:
For we must take our oaths upon it
You did the deed, when I have done it.
  Quoth Hudibras, That 's answer'd soon;
Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.
  Quoth Ralpho, That we may swear true,
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you;
For when with your consent 'tis done,
The act is really your own.
  Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain
(I see) to argue 'gainst the grain;
Or, like the stars, incline men to
What they 're averse themselves to do:
For when disputes are weary'd out,
'Tis interest still resolves the doubt.
But since no reason can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your duty;
For so it is, howe'er you mince it,
As, ere we part, I shall evince it;
And curry (if you stand out), whether
You will or no, your stubborn leather.

Canst thou refuse to bear thy part
I' th' public work, base as thou art?
To higgle thus for a few blows,
To gain thy Knight an opulent spouse,
Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase
Merely for th' int'rest of the Churches?
And when he has it in his claws,
Will not be hide-bound to the Cause:
Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgeon,[1]
If thou despatch it without grudging:
If not, resolve, before we go,
That you and I must pull a crow.

Y' had best (quoth Ralpho), as the Ancients
Say wisely, have a care o' th' main chance,
And look before you ere you leap;
For as you sow, you 're like to reap:
And were y' as good as George-a-Green,[2]
I shall make bold to turn again;
Nor am I doubtful of the issue
In a just quarrel, and mine is so.
Is 't fitting for a man of honour
To whip the Saints, like Bishop Bonner?
A knight t' usurp the beadle's office,
For which you 're like to raise brave trophies?
But I advise you (not for fear,
But for your own sake) to forbear;
And for the Churches, which may chance
From hence, to spring a variance
And raise among themselves new scruples,
Whom common danger hardly couples.
Remember how in arms and politics,
We still have worsted all your holy tricks;

[1] 'Curmudgeon:' a covetous hunks.—[2] 'George-a-Green:' the famous Pindar of Wakefield, who fought with Robin Hood and Little John.

Trepann'd your party with intrigue,
And took your grandees down a peg;
New-modell'd th' army, and cashier'd
All that to Legion Smec adhered;
Made a mere utensil o' your Church,
And after left it in the lurch;
A scaffold to build up our own,
And when we 'd done with 't, pull'd it down;
Capoch'd [1] your Rabbins of the Synod,
And snapp'd their Canons with a Why-not?
(Grave Synod-men, that were revered
For solid face, and depth of beard.)
Their classic model proved a maggot,
Their Direct'ry an Indian pagod;
And drown'd their discipline [2] like a kitten,
On which they 'd been so long a sitting;
Decry'd it as a holy cheat,
Grown out of date and obsolete,
And all the Saints of the first grass,
As castling foals of Balaam's ass.

At this the Knight grew high in chase,
And staring furiously on Ralph,
He trembled, and look'd pale with ire,
Like ashes first, then red as fire.
Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in fight
And for so many moons lain by 't,
And when all other means did fail,
Have been exchanged for tubs of ale?
Not but they thought me worth a ransom
Much more consid'rable and handsome,
But for their own sakes and for fear
They were not safe when I was there;

[1] 'Capoch'd:' blindfolded. — [2] 'Discipline:' by classes which the Assembly of Divines sought to establish.

Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,
An upstart sect'ry, and a mongrel,
Such as breed out of peccant humours
Of our own Church, like wens or tumours,
And, like a maggot in a sore,
Would that which gave it life devour;
It never shall be done or said.
With that he seized upon his blade;
And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,
With equal readiness prepared
To draw, and stand upon his guard:
When both were parted on the sudden,
With hideous clamour, and a loud one;
As if all sorts of noise had been
Contracted into one loud din:
Or that some member to be chosen,
Had got the odds above a thousand,
And, by the greatness of his noise,
Proved fittest for his country's choice.
  This strange surprisal put the Knight
And wrathful Squire into a fright;
And though they stood prepared, with fatal
Impetuous rancour, to join battle,
Both thought it was the wisest course
To waive the fight, and mount to horse,
And to secure, by swift retreating,
Themselves from danger of worse beating:
Yet neither of them would disparage,
By utt'ring of his mind, his courage,
Which made 'em stoutly keep their ground,
With horror and disdain wind-bound.
And now the cause of all their fear
By slow degrees approach'd so near,

They might distinguish diff'rent noise
Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,
And kettle-drums, whose sullen dub
Sounds like the hooping of a tub.
But when the sight appear'd in view,
They found it was an antique show;
A triumph, that for pomp and state,
Did proudest Romans emulate:
For as the Aldermen of Rome
Their foes at training overcome,
And not enlarging territory
(As some, mistaken, write in story),
Being mounted in their best array,
Upon a car, and who but they?
And follow'd with a world of tall lads,
That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,
Did ride with many a Good-morrow,
Crying, Hey for our town, thro' the borough;
So when this triumph drew so nigh,
They might particulars descry,
They never saw two things so pat,
In all respects, as this and that.
First, he that led the cavalcade,
Wore a sow-gelder's flagellate,
On which he blew as strong a levet,
As well-fee'd lawyer on his breviate;
When, over one another's heads,
They charge (three ranks at once) like Swedes.
Next pans and kettles of all keys,
From trebles down to double base;
And after them, upon a nag,
That might pass for a forehand stag,
A cornet rode; and on his staff
A smock display'd did proudly wave;

Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,
With snuffling, broken-winded tones,
Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,
Sound filthier than from the gut,
And make a viler noise than swine,
In windy weather, when they whine.
Next one upon a pair of panniers,
Full fraught with that which, for good manners,
Shall here be nameless, mix'd with grains,
Which he dispensed among the swains,
And busily upon the crowd
At random round about bestow'd.
Then, mounted on a horned horse,
One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
Ty'd to the pummel of a long sword
He held reversed, the point turn'd downward;
Next after, on a raw-boned steed,
The conqueror's Standard-bearer rid,
And bore aloft before the champion
A petticoat display'd, and rampant:
Near whom the Amazon triumphant
Bestrid her beast, and, on the rump on 't,
Sat face to tail, and bum to bum;
The warrior whilom overcome,
Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff,
Which, as he rode, she made him twist off;
And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
Chastised the reformado soldier.
Before the Dame, and round about,
March'd whifflers,[1] and staffiers on foot,

[1] 'Whifflers:' fifers. This kind of procession was called the Skimmington. See Scott in 'Nigel,' who defines it, 'a triumphal procession in honour of female supremacy, when it rose so high as to attract the attention of the neighbourhood.'

With lacqueys, grooms, valets, and pages,
In fit and proper equipages ;
Of whom, some torches bore, some links,
Before the proud virago minx,
That was both Madam, and a Don,
Like Nero's Sporus, or Pope Joan ;
And at fit periods the whole rout
Set up their throats with clamorous shout.
The Knight transported, and the Squire,
Put up their weapons, and their ire ;
And Hudibras, who used to ponder
On such sights with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His an'madversions, for his heart.
Quoth he, In all my life, till now,
I ne'er saw so profane a show.
It is a Paganish invention,
Which Heathen writers often mention ;
And he who made it had read Goodwin,[1]
Or Ross,[2] or Cælius[3] Rhodogine,
With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,
That best describe those ancient shows ;
And has observed all fit decorums
We find described by old historians :
For as the Roman conqueror,
That put an end to foreign war,
Ent'ring the town in triumph for it,
Bore a slave with him, in his chariot ;
So this insulting female brave,
Carries behind her here a slave :
And as the Ancients long ago,
When they in field defy'd the foe,

[1] 'Goodwin :' Thomas, in his 'Roman Antiquities.'— [2] 'Ross :' see part first, canto ii.—[3] 'Cælius :' a Milan writer on shows and mummeries.

Hung out their mantles *della guerre*,
So her proud Standard-bearer here,
Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner,
A Tyrian petticoat[1] for banner.
Next links and torches, heretofore
Still borne before the Emperor:
And as in antique triumphs eggs
Were borne for mystical intrigues:
There 's one in truncheon, like a ladle,
That carries eggs too, fresh or addle;
And still at random, as he goes,
Among the rabble-rout bestows.
Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter;
For all th' antiquity you smatter,
Is but a riding, used of course,
When "The gray mare 's the better horse:"
When o'er the breeches greedy women
Fight to extend their vast dominion;
And in the cause impatient Grizel
Has drubb'd her husband with bull's pizzle,
And brought him under covert baron,
To turn her vassal with a murrain:
When wives their sexes shift, like hares,
And ride their husbands, like night-mares,
And they, in mortal battle vanquish'd,
Are of their charter disenfranchised,
And by the right of war, like gills,[2]
Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels;
For when men by their wives are cow'd,
Their horns of course are understood.
Quoth Hudibras, Thou still givest sentence
Impertinently, and against sense:

[1] 'Tyrian petticoat:' a petticoat of purple, or scarlet, for which the city of Tyre was famous.—[2] 'Gills:' gill-hooter, an owl.

'Tis not the least disparagement
To be defeated by the event,
Nor to be beaten by main force,
That does not make a man the worse,
Although his shoulders with battoon
Be claw'd and cudgell'd to some tune:
A tailor's 'prentice has no hard
Measure, that 's bang'd with a true yard;
But to turn tail, or run away,
And without blows give up the day,
Or to surrender ere th' assault,
That 's no man's fortune, but his fault;
And renders men of honour less
Than all the adversity of success:
And only unto such this show
Of horns and petticoats is due.
There is a lesser profanation,
Like that the Romans call'd Ovation:
For as Ovation was allow'd
For conquest purchased without blood;
So men decree those lesser shows,
For vict'ry gotten without blows,
By dint of sharp hard words, which some
Give battle with, and overcome;
These mounted in a chair-curule,
Which Moderns call a Cucking-stool,
March proudly to the river's side,
And o'er the waves in triumph ride;
Like Dukes of Venice, who are said
The Adriatic Sea to wed;
And have a gentler wife than those
For whom the State decrees those shows.
But both are Heathenish, and come
From th' Whores of Babylon and Rome;

And by the Saints should be withstood,
As Antichristian and lewd ;
And we, as such, should now contribute
Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.
This said, they both advanced, and rode
A dog-trot through the bawling crowd,
T' attack the leader, and still press'd,
Till they approach'd him breast to breast ;
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
Made signs for silence ; which obtain'd :
What means (quoth he) this Devil's procession
With men of orthodox profession ?
'Tis ethnique and idolatrous,
From Heathenism derived to us :
Does not the Whore of Babylon ride
Upon her horned Beast astride,
Like this proud Dame, who either is
A type of her, or she of this ?
Are things of superstitious function,
Fit to be used in Gospel sunshine ?
It is an Antichristian opera,
Much used in midnight times of Popery ;
Of running after self-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions ;
To scandalize that sex, for scolding,
To whom the Saints are so beholden.
Women, who were our first apostles,
Without whose aid we 'ad all been lost else ;
Women, that left no stone unturn'd
In which the cause might be concern'd ;
Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,
To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols ;
Their husbands' cullies, and sweethearts,
To take the Saints' and Church's parts ;

Drew several Gifted Brethren in,
That for the Bishops would have been,
And fix'd 'em constant to the party,
With motives powerful and hearty :
Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts
T' administer unto their gifts,
All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,
To scraps and ends of gold and silver ;
Rubb'd down the teachers, tired and spent,
With holding forth for Parliament ;
Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
With marrow puddings many a meal ;
Enabled them, with store of meat,
On controverted points, to eat ;
And cramm'd them, till their guts did ache,
With caudle, custard, and plum-cake.
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the Cause at London ?
March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,
T' entrench the City for defence in :
Raised rampiers with their own soft hands,
To put the enemy to stands ;
From ladies down to oyster-wenches
Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,
Fell to their pickaxes, and tools,
And help'd the men to dig like moles.
Have not the handmaids of the City
Chose of their Members a Committee,
For raising of a common purse,
Out of their wages, to raise horse ?
And do they not as triers[1] sit
To judge what officers are fit ?

[1] 'Triers :' ladies such as Lady Middlesex and Lady Anne Waller were actually appointed to examine into competency of officers.

Have they —— At that an egg let fly,
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And running down his cheek, besmear'd
With orange-tawny slime his beard;
But beard and slime being of one hue,
The wound the less appear'd in view.
Then he that on the panniers rode,
Let fly on th' other side a load;
And quickly charged again, gave fully,
In Ralpho's face, another volley.
The Knight was startled with the smell,
And for his sword began to feel;
And Ralpho, smothered with the stink,
Grasp'd his, when one that bore a link,
O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole;
And straight another, with his flambeau,
Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.
The beasts began to kick and fling,
And forced the rout to make a ring;
Thro' which they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off from further fray;
And though disorder'd in retreat,
Each of them stoutly kept his seat:
For quitting both their swords and reins,
They grasp'd with all their strength the manes,
And, to avoid the foe's pursuit,
With spurring put their cattle to 't;
And, till all four were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.
After they 'd paused awhile, supplying
Their spirits, spent with fight and flying,
And Hudibras recruited force
Of lungs, for action, or discourse:

Quoth he, That man is sure to lose,
That fouls his hands with dirty foes :
For where no honour 's to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd :
'Twas ill for us, we had to do
With so dishon'rable a foe :
For tho' the law of arms doth bar
The use of venom'd shot in war ;
Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisome,
Their case-shot savours strong of poison,
And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth
Of some that had a stinking breath ;
Else when we put it to the push,
They had not given us such a brush :
But as those poltroons that fling dirt,
Do but defile, but cannot hurt ;
So all the honour they have won,
Or we have lost, is much at one.
'Twas well we made so resolute
A brave retreat, without pursuit :
For if we had not, we had sped
Much worse, to be in triumph led ;
Than which the Ancients held no state
Of man's life more unfortunate.
But if this bold adventure e'er
Do chance to reach the Widow's ear,
It may, being destined to assert
Her sex's honour, reach her heart :
And as such homely treats (they say)
Portend good fortune, so this may.
Vespasian being daub'd with dirt,
Was destined to the empire for 't :
And from a scavenger did come
To be a mighty prince in Rome :

And why may not this foul address
Presage in love the same success?
Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds,
Advance in quest of nearest ponds;
And after (as we first design'd)
Swear I 've perform'd what she enjoin'd.

CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight, with various doubts possess'd,
To win the Lady, goes in quest
Of *Sidrophel*, the Rosicrucian,
To know the dest'nies' resolution;
With whom being met, they both chop logic
About the science astrologic;
Till, falling from dispute to fight,
The Conj'rer's worsted by the Knight.

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat;
As lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive a juggler's sleight;
And still the less they understand,
The more th' admire his sleight of hand.
Some with a noise, and greasy light,
Are snapp'd, as men catch larks by night,
Ensnared and hamper'd by the soul,
As nooses by the legs catch fowl.
Some with a med'cine and receipt
Are drawn to nibble at the bait;
And though it be a two-foot trout,
'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.

Others believe no voice t' an organ
So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown ;
Until with subtle cobweb-cheats,
They 're catch'd in knotted law, like nets ;
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they stir, the more they 're tangled ;
And while their purses can dispute,
There 's no end of th' immortal suit.
Others still gape t' anticipate
The cabinet designs of Fate,
Apply to wizards, to foresee
What shall, and what shall never be ;
And as those vultures do forbode,
Believe events prove bad or good.
A flam more senseless than the roguery
Of old aruspicy and aug'ry,
That out of garbages of cattle
Presaged th' events of truce or battle ;
From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,
Success of great'st attempts would reckon :
Though cheats, yet more intelligible
Than those that with the stars do fribble.
This Hudibras by proof found true,
As in due time and place we 'll show :
For he with beard and face made clean,
Being mounted on his steed again,
(And Ralpho got a cock-horse too,
Upon his beast, with much ado),
Advanced on for the Widow's house,
T' acquit himself, and pay his vows ;
When various thoughts began to bustle,
And with his inward man to justle.
He thought what danger might accrue,
If she should find he swore untrue ;

Or if his Squire or he should fail,
And not be punctual in their tale,
It might at once the ruin prove
Both of his honour, faith, and love :
But if he should forbear to go,
She might conclude h' had broke his vow ;
And that he durst not now, for shame,
Appear in court, to try his claim.
This was the penn'worth of his thought,
To pass time, and uneasy trot.
  Quoth he, In all my past adventures,
I ne'er was set so on the tenters ;
Or taken tardy with dilemma,
That ev'ry way I turn does hem me ;
And with inextricable doubt
Besets my puzzled wits about ;
For though the Dame has been my bail,
To free me from enchanted jail,
Yet as a dog, committed close
For some offence, by chance breaks loose,
And quits his clog, but all in vain,
He still draws after him his chain ;
So, though my ankle she has quitted,
My heart continues still committed ;
And like a bail'd and main-prized lover,
Altho' at large, I am bound over :
And when I shall appear in court,
To plead my cause, and answer for 't,
Unless the judge do partial prove,
What will become of me and love ?
For if in our account we vary,
Or but in circumstance miscarry,
Or if she put me to strict proof,
And make me pull my doublet off,

To show, by evident record,
Writ on my skin, I 've kept my word,
How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurr'd unto her favour ?
But faith, and love, and honour lost,
Shall be reduced t' a Knight o' th' Post ?[1]
Beside, that stripping may prevent
What I'm to prove by argument,
And justify I have a tail ;
And that way, too, my proof may fail.
Oh ! that I could enucleate,
And solve the problem of my fate ;
Or find, by necromantic art,
How far the Dest'nies take my part ;
For if I were not more than certain
To win and wear her, and her fortune,
I 'd go no further in this courtship,
To hazard soul, estate, and worship ;
For though an oath obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got
(As thou hast proved), yet 'tis profane,
And sinful, when men swear in vain.
Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,
That deals in Destiny's dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the Moon sells ;
To whom all people, far and near,
On deep importances repair ;
When brass and pewter hap to stray,
And linen slinks out of the way ;
When geese and pullen are seduced,
And sows of sucking pigs are choused ;

[1] 'Knight o' th' Post :' a hireling affidavit and oath maker.

When cattle feel indisposition,
And need th' opinion of physician;
When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
And chickens languish of the pip;
When yeast and outward means do fail,
And have no power to work on ale;
When butter does refuse to come,
And love proves cross and humoursome;
To him with questions, and with urine,
They for discov'ry flock, or curing.
  Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel
I've heard of, and should like it well,
If thou canst prove the Saints have freedom
To go to sorc'rers when they need 'em.
  Says Ralpho, There 's no doubt of that;
Those principles I quoted late
Prove that the Godly may allege
For any thing their privilege;
And to the Dev'l himself may go,
If they have motives thereunto.
For, as there is a war between
The Dev'l and them, it is no sin
If they, by subtle stratagem,
Make use of him, as he does them.
Has not this present Parliament
A leger[1] to the Devil sent,
Fully empower'd to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has not he,[2] within a year,
Hang'd threescore of 'em in one shire?
Some only for not being drown'd;
And some for sitting above ground,

[1] 'Leger:' witch-finder. — [2] 'He:' Hopkins in the associated counties.

Whole days and nights, upon their breeches.
And, feeling pain, were hang'd for witches;
And some for putting knavish tricks
Upon green geese and turkey chicks,
Or pigs that suddenly deceased
Of griefs unnat'ral, as he guess'd;
Who after proved himself a witch,[1]
And made a rod for his own breech.
Did not the Devil appear to Martin
Luther in Germany, for certain?
And would have gull'd him with a trick,
But Mart. was too, too politic.
Did he not help the Dutch to purge
At Antwerp their cathedral church?
Sing catches to the Saints at Mascon,[2]
And tell them all they came to ask him?
Appear in divers shapes to Kelly,
And speak i' th' Nun of Loudon's belly?
Meet with the Parliament's Committee,
At Woodstock,[3] on a pers'nal treaty?
At Sarum take a Cavalier
I' th' Cause's service, prisoner?
As Withers in immortal rhyme
Has register'd to after-time?
Do not our great reformers use
This Sidrophel to forebode news;
To write of victories next year,
And castles taken yet i' th' air?
Of battles fought at sea, and ships
Sunk two years hence, the last eclipse?

[1] 'A witch:' Hopkins himself was treated as he had treated the witches, and had to flee the country.—[2] 'Sing catches to the Saints at Mascon:' the devil, it was said, delivered his oracles in verse at Mascon in Burgundy, which he sung to tunes, and made several lampoons upon the Huguenots. — [3] 'Woodstock:' see Scott's novel of the name.

A total overthrow giv'n the King
In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring?
And has not he point-blank foretold
Whats'e'er the Close Committee would?
Made Mars and Saturn for the Cause,
The Moon for fundamental laws;
The Ram, the Bull, and Goat declare
Against the Book of Common-Prayer?
The Scorpion take the Protestation,
And Bear engage for Reformation?
Made all the royal stars[1] recant,
Compound, and take the Covenant?
  Quoth Hudibras, The case is clear,
The Saints may 'mploy a Conjurer,
As thou hast proved it by their practice;
No argument like matter of fact is;
And we are best of all led to
Men's principles, by what they do.
Then let us straight advance in quest
Of this profound gymnosophist;
And as the Fates and he advise,
Pursue or waive this enterprise.
  This said, he turn'd about his steed,
And eftsoons on th' adventure rid;
Where leave we him and Ralph awhile,
And to the Conj'rer turn our style,
To let our reader understand
What 's useful of him beforehand.
He had been long t'wards mathematics,
Optics, philosophy, and statics,
Magic, horoscopy, astrology,
And was old dog at physiology:

[1] 'Royal stars:' a covert satire on Charles II.

But as a dog that turns the spit,
Bestirs himself, and plies his feet,
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again,
And still he 's in the self-same place
Where at his setting out he was ;
So in the circle of the arts,
Did he advance his nat'ral parts,
Till falling back still, for retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat ;
For as those fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but smatter ;
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His understanding still was clear ;
Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
Since old Hodge Bacon,[1] and Bob Grosted.[2]
The intelligible world[3] he knew,
And all men dream on 't to be true,
That in this world there 's not a wart
That has not there a counterpart ;
Nor can there on the face of ground
An individual beard be found,
That has not, in that foreign nation,
A fellow of the self-same fashion ;
So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,
As those are in th' inferior world :
H' had read Dee's prefaces before,[4]
The Devil, and Euclid, o'er and o'er,
And all th' intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,
Lascus and th' Emperor, would tell ye :

[1] 'Hodge Bacon :' Roger Bacon, commonly called Friar Bacon.—[2] 'Bob Grosted :' Bishop Grosted was Bishop of Lincoln, 20 Henry III., A.D. 1235. —[3] 'Intelligible :' *i. e.*, ideal world.— [4] 'Dee's prefaces before :' Dee was a Welshman, and educated at Oxford. He pretended to commerce with spirits, and wrote books on the subject. Kelly was his coadjutor, and so was Lascus or Alasco, a name which will suggest Kenilworth.

But with the Moon was more familiar
Than e'er was almanac well-willer ;[1]
Her secrets understood so clear,
That some believed he had been there ;
Knew when she was in fittest mood
For cutting corns, or letting blood ;
When for anointing scabs or itches,
Or to the bum applying leeches ;
When sows and bitches may be spay'd,
And in what sign best cider 's made ;
Whether the wane be, or increase,
Best to set garlic, or sow pease ;
Who first found out the Man i' th' Moon,
That to the Ancients was unknown ;
How many dukes, and earls, and peers,
Are in the planetary spheres ;
Their airy empire, and command,
Their sev'ral strengths by sea and land ;
What factions they 've, and what they drive at
In public vogue, or what in private ;
With what designs and interests
Each party manages contests.
He made an instrument to know
If the Moon shine at full or no ;
That would, as soon as e'er she shone, straight,
Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate ;
Tell what her di'meter to an inch is,
And prove that she's not made of green cheese.
It would demonstrate, that the Man in
The Moon 's a sea Mediterranean ;
And that it is no dog nor bitch,
That stands behind him at his breech ;
But a huge Caspian sea, or lake,
With arms, which men for legs mistake ;

[1] 'Well-willer :' compiler.

How large a gulf his tail composes,
And what a goodly bay his nose is;
How many German leagues by th' scale
Cape Snout 's from Promontory Tail.
He made a planetary gin,
Which rats would run their own heads in,
And come on purpose to be taken,
Without the expense of cheese or bacon;
With lute-strings he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on dish of meat;
Quote moles and spots on any place
O' th' body, by the index face;
Detect lost maidenheads, by sneezing,
Or breaking wind of dames, or pissing;
Cure warts and corns, with application
Of med'cines to th' imagination;
Fright agues into dogs, and scare
With rhymes the toothache and catarrh:
Chase evil spirits away by dint
Of cickle, horse-shoe, hollow-flint;
Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,
Which made the Roman slaves rebel;[1]
And fire a mine in China here,
With sympathetic gunpowder.
He knew whats'ever 's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own:
What med'cine 't was that Paracelsus
Could make a man with, as he tells us;
What figured slates are best to make,
On wat'ry surface, duck or drake;
What bowling stones, in running race
Upon a board, have swiftest pace;

[1] 'Roman slaves rebel:' alluding to the Servile war, headed by Spartacus, and occasioned by one Ennus professing to do as in the text.

Whether a pulse beat in the black
List of a dappled louse's back;
If systole or diastole move
Quickest when he 's in wrath or love;
When two of them do run a race,
Whether they gallop, trot, or pace;
How many scores a flea will jump
Of his own length from head to rump,
Which Socrates and Chærephon,
In vain, essay'd so long agone;[1]
Whether his snout a perfect nose is,
And not an elephant's proboscis;
How many diff'rent specieses
Of maggots breed in rotten cheese;
And which are next of kin to those
Engender'd in a chandler's nose;
Or those not seen, but understood,
That live in vinegar and wood.

A paltry wretch he had, half-starved,
That him in place of Zany served,
Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw,
Not wine, but more unwholesome law;
To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
Wide as meridians in maps;
To squander paper, and spare ink,
Or cheat men of their words, some think.
From this, by merited degrees,
He 'd to more high advancement rise;
To be an under-conjurer,
Or journeyman astrologer:
His bus'ness was to pump and wheedle,
And men with their own keys unriddle,

[1] 'Long agone:' Aristophanes, in his 'Comedy of the Clouds,' brings in Socrates and Chærephon measuring the leap of a flea, from the one's beard to the other's.

To make them to themselves give answers,
For which they pay the necromancers;
To fetch and carry intelligence,
Of whom, of what, and where, and whence;
And all discoveries disperse
Among th' whole pack of conjurers:
What cutpurses have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem;
And what they dare not vent, find out,
To gain themselves and th' art repute;
Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,
Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' shops,
Of thieves ascendant in the cart;
And find out all by rules of art:
Which way a serving-man, that 's run
With clothes or money away, is gone;
Who pick'd a fob at holding forth,
And where a watch, for half the worth,
May be redeem'd; or stolen plate
Restored at conscionable rate.
Beside all this, he served his master
In quality of poetaster;
And rhymes appropriate could make
To every month i' th' almanac;
When terms begin and end could tell,
With their returns in doggerel;
When the Exchequer opes and shuts,
And sow-gelder with safety cuts;
When men may eat and drink their fill,
And when be temp'rate, if they will;
When use and when abstain from vice,
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy,[1] and spice.

[1] 'Phlebotomy:' letting blood.

And as in prison mean rogues beat
Hemp, for the service of the great;
So Whachum beat his dirty brains,
T' advance his master's fame and gains;
And, like the Devil's oracles,
Put into doggerel rhymes his spells,
Which over every month's blank page
I' th' almanac strange bilks presage.
He would an elegy compose
On maggots squeezed out of his nose;
In lyric numbers write an ode on
His mistress eating a black pudding;
And when imprison'd air escaped her,
It puff'd him with poetic rapture.
His sonnets charm'd th' attentive crowd,
By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
That, circled with his long-ear'd guests,
Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts;
A carman's horse could not pass by,
But stood ty'd up to poetry;
No porter's burden pass'd along,
But served for burden to his song;
Each window like a pill'ry appears,
With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears;
All trades run in as to the sight
Of monsters, or their dear delight,
The gallow-tree, when cutting purse
Breeds bus'ness for heroic verse,
Which none does hear but would have hung
T' have been the theme of such a song.
  Those two together long had lived
In mansion prudently contrived,
Where neither tree nor house could bar
The free detection of a star;

And nigh an ancient obelisk
Was raised by him, found out by Fisk,[1]
On which was written, not in words,
But hieroglyphic mute of birds,
Many rare pithy saws concerning
The worth of astrologic learning:
From top of this there hung a rope,
To which he fasten'd telescope,
The spectacles with which the stars
He reads in smallest characters.
It happen'd as a boy, one night,
Did fly his tarsel[2] of a kite;
The strangest long-wing'd hawk that flies,
That, like a bird of paradise,
Or herald's martlet,[3] has no legs,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs:
His train was six yards long, milk-white,
At th' end of which there hung a light,
Enclosed in lantern made of paper,
That far off like a star did appear.
This Sidrophel by chance espy'd,
And with amazement staring wide,
Bless us! quoth he, what dreadful wonder
Is that appears in Heaven yonder?
A comet, and without a beard!
Or star that ne'er before appear'd?
I'm certain 'tis not in the scroll
Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl,
With which, like Indian plantations,
The learned stock the constellations;
Nor those that drawn for signs have been,
To th' houses where the planets inn.[4]

[1] 'Fisk:' a licentiate in physic, and dabbler in astrology. — [2] 'Tarsel:' falcon. — [3] 'Martlet:' a little bird in heraldry without legs. — [4] 'Inn:' a word of his own—to harbour or bait.

It must be supernatural,
Unless it be that cannon-ball
That, shot i' th' air point blank upright,
Was borne to that prodigious height,
That learn'd philosophers maintain,
It ne'er came backwards down again;
But in the airy region yet
Hangs like the body of Mahomet:
For if it be above the shade
That by the earth's round bulk is made,
'Tis probable it may from far
Appear no bullet but a star.
  This said, he to his engine flew,
Placed near at hand, in open view,
And raised it till it levell'd right
Against the glow-worm tail of kite.
Then peeping through, Bless us! (quoth he)
It is a planet now I see;
And, if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that 's like tobacco-stopper,
It should be Saturn: yes, 'tis clear,
'Tis Saturn; but what makes him there?
He 's got between the Dragon's tail,
And farther leg behind o' th' Whale;
Pray Heaven avert the fatal omen,
For 'tis a prodigy not common;
And can no less than the world's end,
Or nature's funeral, portend.
With that he fell again to pry,
Through perspective more wistfully,
When by mischance the fatal string,
That kept the towering fowl on wing,
Breaking, down fell the star: Well shot,
Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought

H' had levell'd at a star, and hit it :
But Sidrophel, more subtle-witted,
Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful
Portent is this to see a star fall !
It threatens Nature, and the doom
Will not be long before it come !
When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough,
The day of judgment 's not far off :
As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick,[1]
And some of us find out by magic.
Then since the time we have to live
In this world 's shorten'd, let us strive
To make our best advantage of it,
And pay our losses with our profit.
  This feat fell out not long before
The Knight upon the fore-named score,
In quest of Sidrophel advancing,
Was now in prospect of the mansion ;
Whom he discovering, turn'd his glass,
And found far off, 'twas Hudibras.
  Whachum (quoth he), look yonder, some
To try or use our art are come :
The one 's the learned Knight ; seek out,
And pump 'em what they come about.
Whachum advanced with all submiss'ness
T' accost 'em, but much more their bus'ness :
He held a stirrup while the Knight
From leathern Barebones did alight ;
And taking from his hand the bridle,
Approach'd the dark Squire to unriddle :
He gave him first the time o' th' day,
And welcomed him, as he might say :

[1] 'Sedgwick :' William Sedgwick, a whimsical enthusiast, who by always predicting the end of the world, obtained the name of Doomsday Sedgwick.

He ask'd him whence they came, and whither
Their bus'ness lay? Quoth Ralpho, Hither.
Did you not lose?—Quoth Ralpho, Nay.
Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way!
Your Knight, Quoth Ralpho, is a lover,
And pains intolerable doth suffer:
For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards.
What time——Quoth Ralpho, Sir, too long,
Three years it off and on has hung——
Quoth he, I meant, what time o' th' day 'tis?
Quoth Ralpho, Between seven and eight 'tis.
Why then (quoth Whachum) my small art
Tells me the dame has a hard heart,
Or great estate—Quoth Ralph, A jointure,
Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.
Meanwhile the Knight was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter;
Which having done, the Wizard steps in,
To give him suitable reception;
But kept his bus'ness at a bay,
Till Whachum put him in the way;
Who having now, by Ralpho's light,
Expounded th' errand of the Knight;
And what he came to know, drew near,
To whisper in the Conj'rer's ear,
Which he prevented thus: What was 't,
Quoth he, that I was saying last,
Before these gentlemen arrived?
Quoth Whachum, Venus you retrieved,
In opposition with Mars,[1]
And no benign friendly stars

[1] 'Mars,' &c.: Whachum thus tells his master what he had learned from Ralpho in their mutual jargon.

T' allay the effect. Quoth Wizard, So!
In Virgo? Ha! quoth Whachum, No:
Has Saturn nothing to do in it,
One tenth of 's circle to a minute?[1]
'Tis well, quoth he.—Sir, you 'll excuse
This rudeness I am forced to use,
It is a scheme and face of heaven,
As the aspects are disposed this even,
I was contemplating upon,
When you arrived; but now I've done.
Quoth Hudibras, If I appear
Unseasonable in coming here,
At such a time, to interrupt
Your speculations, which I hoped
Assistance from, and come to use,
'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.
By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel,
The stars your coming did foretel;
I did expect you here, and knew,
Before you spake, your bus'ness too.
Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,
And I shall credit whatsoe'er
You tell me after, on your word,
Howe'er unlikely or absurd.
You are in love, Sir, with a Widow,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
And for three years has rid your wit
And passion, without drawing bit;
And now your bus'ness is to know
If you shall carry her or no.
Quoth Hudibras, You 're in the right,
But how the Devil you come by 't

[1] 'Saturn,' &c.: the planet Saturn is thirty years (or thereabout) going round the zodiac; three years is therefore the tenth of his circle.

I can't imagine ; for the stars,
I'm sure, can tell no more than a horse ;
Nor can their aspects (though you pore
Your eyes out on 'em) tell you more
Than th' oracle of sieve and sheers,[1]
That turns as certain as the spheres :
But if the Devil's of your counsel,
Much may be done, my noble Donzel ;
And 'tis on his account I come,
To know from you my fatal doom.
  Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose,
Sir Knight, that I am one of those ;
I might suspect, and take the alarm,
Your bus'ness is but to inform ;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a wrong sow by the ear :
For I assure you, for my part,
I only deal by rules of art ;
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Conclusions of astrology :
But for the Devil know nothing by him.
But only this, that I defy him.
  Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,
I understand your metonymy :[1]
Your words of second-hand intention,
When things by wrongful names you mention ;
The mystic sense of all your terms,
That are indeed but magic charms,
To raise the Devil, and mean one thing,
And that is downright conjuring ;
And in itself more warrantable,
Than cheat or canting to a rabble,

[1] 'Sieve and sheers :' an old mode of prophetic experiment. — [2] 'Metonymy :' a figure in rhetoric, which implies a changing or putting of one name or thing for another.

Or putting tricks upon the Moon,
Which by confed'racy are done.
Your ancient conjurers were wont
To make her from her sphere dismount,
And to their incantations stoop;
They scorn'd to pore through telescope,
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy or fair weather,
Which every almanac can tell
Perhaps as learnedly and well
As you yourself: then, friend, I doubt
You go the farthest way about.
Your modern Indian magician
Makes but a hole in th' earth to p-ss in,
And straight resolves all questions by 't,
And seldom fails to be i' th' right.
The Rosicrucian way 's more sure
To bring the Devil to the lure.
Each of 'em has a several gin,
To catch intelligences in:
Some by the nose with fumes trepan 'em,
As Dunstan did the Devil's grannum;
Others with characters and words
Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds;
And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,
Engraved in planetary nicks,
With their own influences will fetch 'em
Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em;
Make 'em depose and answer to
All questions, ere they let them go.
Bumbastus[1] kept a Devil's bird
Shut in the pommel of his sword,

[1] 'Bumbastus:' the far-famed Paracelsus.

That taught him all the cunning pranks
Of past and future mountebanks.
Kelly [1] did all his feats upon
The Devil's looking-glass, a stone;
Where, playing with him at bo-peep,
He solved all problems ne'er so deep.
Agrippa kept a Stygian pug,
I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
That was his tutor, and the cur
Read to th' occult philosopher,
And taught him subt'ly to maintain
All other sciences are vain.
  To this, quoth Sidrophello, Sir,
Agrippa was no conjurer,
Nor Paracelsus, no nor Behmen;
Nor was the dog a cacodæmon,
But a true dog that would show tricks
For th' Emperor, and leap o'er sticks;
Would fetch and carry, was more civil
Than other dogs, but yet no Devil;
And whatsoe'er he 's said to do,
He went the self-same way we go.
As for the Rosicross philosophers,
Whom you will have to be but sorcerers,
What they pretend to is no more
Than Trismegistus did before,
Pythagoras, old Zoroaster,[2]
And Apollonius their master;[3]
To whom they do confess they owe
All that they do, and all they know.

[1] 'Kelly:' chief seer or 'speculator' to Dr Dee.—[2] 'Old Zoroaster:' the King of the Bactrians of that name, commonly reputed the first inventor of magic.—[3] 'Apollonius their master:' Apollonius Tyanæus, reputed a magician, lived in the days of Domitian and Adrian.

Quoth Hudibras, Alas! what is 't t' us,
Whether 'twas said by Trismegistus,
If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,
Or not intelligible, or sophistic?
'Tis not antiquity, nor author,
That makes truth Truth, altho' Time's daughter;
'Twas he that put her in the pit,
Before he pull'd her out of it:
And as he eats his sons, just so
He feeds upon his daughters too:
Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald
Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old,
To be descended of a race
Of ancient kings in a small space,
That we should all opinions hold
Authentic that we can make old.
Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part
Of prudence to cry down an art;
And what it may perform deny,
Because you understand not why
(As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick,
To damn our whole art for eccentric);[1]
For who knows all that knowledge contains?
Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
But on their sides, or risings, seat;
So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.
Do not the hist'ries of all ages
Relate miraculous presages
Of strange turns in the world's affairs
Foreseen b' astrologers, soothsayers,
Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacs,[2]
And some that have writ almanacs?

[1] 'Averrhois:' an Arabian physician, surnamed Commentator, who lived at Cordova.—[2] 'Genethliacs:' drawers up of schemes of nativity.

The Median Emp'ror[1] dreamt his daughter
Had p—d all Asia under water,
And that a vine, sprung from her haunches,
O'erspread his empire with its branches:
And did not soothsayers expound it,
As after by th' event he found it?
When Cæsar in the senate fell,
Did not the sun eclipsed foretel,
And, in resentment of his slaughter,
Look'd pale for almost a year after?
Augustus having b' oversight
Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been slain that day,
By soldiers mutiny'ng for pay.
Are there not myriads of this sort,
Which stories of all times report?
Is it not ominous in all countries,
When crows and ravens croak upon trees?
The Roman senate, when within
The city walls an owl was seen,
Did cause their Clergy, with Lustrations
(Our Synod calls Humiliations)
The round-faced prodigy t' avert
From doing town or country hurt?
And if an owl have so much power,
Why should not planets have much more?
That in a region far above
Inferior fowls of the air move,
And should see further, and foreknow
More than their augury below?
Though that once served the polity
Of mighty states to govern by;

[1] 'Median Emp'ror:' Astyages, King of Media.

And this is what we take in hand
By powerful Art to understand ;
Which, how we have perform'd, all ages
Can speak the events of our presages.
Have we not lately, in the Moon,
Found a new world, to th' old unknown ?
Discover'd sea and land, Columbus
And Magellan could never compass ?
Made mountains with our tubes appear,
And cattle grazing on 'em there ?
  Quoth Hudibras, You lie so ope,
That I, without a telescope,
Can find your tricks out, and descry
Where you tell truth, and where you lie :
For Anaxagoras long agone,
Saw hills as well as you i' the Moon ;
And held the Sun was but a piece
Of red-hot ir'n, as big as Greece ;
Believed the Heavens were made of stone,
Because the Sun had voided one :
And, rather than he would recant
Th' opinion, suffer'd banishment.
  But what, alas ! is it to us,
Whether i' th' Moon men thus or thus
Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
Or whether they have tails or horns ?
What trade from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from France ?
What can our travellers bring home,
That is not to be learnt at Rome ?
What politics, or strange opinions,
That are not in our own dominions ?
What science can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence ?

What revelations, or religions,
That are not in our native regions?
Are sweating lanterns, or screen-fans,
Made better there, than th' are in France?
Or do they teach to sing and play
O' th' guitar there a newer way?
Can they make plays there, that shall fit
The public humour, with less wit?
Write wittier dances, quainter shows,
Or fight with more ingenious blows?
Or does the man i' th' Moon look big,
And wear a huger periwig,
Show in his gait, or face, more tricks
Than our own native lunatics?
But if w' outdo him here at home,
What good of your design can come?
As wind i' th' hypochondries pent,
Is but a blast if downward sent;
But if it upward chance to fly,
Becomes new light and prophecy:
So when your speculations tend
Above their just and useful end,
Although they promise strange and great
Discoveries of things far set,
They are but idle dreams and fancies,
And favour strongly of the Ganzas.[1]
Tell me but what 's the natural cause,
Why on a sign no painter draws
The full-moon ever, but the half?
Resolve that with your Jacob's staff;[2]

[1] 'Ganzas:' Gonzago (or Domingo Gonzales) wrote a voyage to the moon, and pretended to be carried thither by geese, in Spanish Ganzas.—[2] 'Jacob's staff:' a mathematical instrument for taking heights and distances.

Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,
And dogs howl when she shines in water?
And I shall freely give my vote,
You may know something more remote.
At this deep Sidrophel look'd wise,
And staring round with owl-like eyes,
He put his face into a posture
Of sapience, and began to bluster:
For having three times shook his head,
To stir his wit up, thus he said:
Art has no mortal enemies
Next Ignorance, but owls and geese;
Those consecrated geese in orders,
That to the Capitol were warders:
And being then upon patrol,
With noise alone beat off the Gaul:
Or those Athenian sceptic owls
That will not credit their own souls,
Or any science understand,
Beyond the reach of eye or hand;
But meas'ring all things, by their own
Knowledge, hold nothing 's to be known:
Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-
Houses, cry down all philosophy,
And will not know upon what ground
In nature we our doctrine found;
Although with pregnant evidence
We can demonstrate it to sense;
As I just now have done to you,
Foretelling what you came to know.
Were the stars only made to light
Robbers and burglarers by night?
To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,
And lovers solacing behind doors,

Or giving one another pledges
Of matrimony under hedges?
Or witches simpling, and on gibbets
Cutting from malefactors snippets?
Or from the pillory tips of ears
Of rebel-saints and perjurers?
Only to stand by, and look on,
But not know what is said or done?
Is there a constellation[1] there,
That was not born and bred up here,
And therefore cannot be to learn
In any inferior concern?
Were they not, during all their lives,
Most of 'em pirates, whores, and thieves?
And is it like they have not still
In their own practices some skill?
Is there a planet that by birth
Does not derive its house from earth?
And therefore probably must know
What is, and hath been done below;
Who made the Balance, or whence came
The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?
Did not we here the Argo rig?
Make Berenice's[2] periwig?
Whose livery does the Coachman[3] wear?
Or who made Cassiopeia's chair?
And therefore, as they came from hence,
With us may hold intelligence.
Plato deny'd the world can be
Govern'd without geometry

[1] 'Constellation:' heroes were said to become stars.—[2] 'Berenice' vowed to consecrate her hair if her husband returned safe: he did: she cut it off, and put it in a temple, but it being lost through carelessness, the priests pretended it was carried up to heaven and became the constellation of 'Coma Berenices.' —[3] 'Coachman:' of Charles' wain.

(For money being the common scale
Of things by measure, weight, and tale,
In all th' affairs of Church and State
'Tis both the balance and the weight) :
Then much less can it be without
Divine astrology made out ;
That puts the other down in worth,
As far as Heaven 's above the earth.
These reasons (quoth the Knight) I grant
Are something more significant
Than any that the learned use
Upon this subject to produce ;
And yet they 're far from satisfactory,
T' establish and keep up your factory.
Th' Egyptians say, the sun has twice
Shifted his setting and his rise :
Twice has he risen in the west,
As many times set in the east ;
But whether that be true, or no,
The Devil any of you know.
Some hold the Heavens, like a top,
Are kept by circulation up ;
And were 't not for their wheeling round,
They 'd instantly fall to the ground ;
As sage Empedocles [1] of old,
And from him modern authors hold.
Plato believed the Sun and Moon
Below all other planets run.
Some Mercury, some Venus, seat
Above the Sun himself in height.
The learned Scaliger complain'd
'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,

[1] 'Empedocles:' a philosopher of Agrigentum.

That in twelve hundred years and odd,
The Sun had left its ancient road,
And nearer to the earth is come
'Bove fifty thousand miles from home :
Swore 'twas a most notorious flam,
And he that had so little shame
To vent such fopperies abroad,
Deserved to have his rump well claw'd :
Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore
That he deserved the rod much more,
That durst upon a truth give doom,
He knew less than the Pope of Rome.
Cardan believed great states depend
Upon the tip o' th' Bear's tail's end ;
That as she whisk'd it t'wards the Sun,
Strow'd mighty empires up and down :
Which others say must needs be false,
Because your true bears have no tails.
Some say the zodiac Constellations
Have long since changed their antique stations
Above a sign, and prove the same
In Taurus now, once in the Ram :
Affirm the Trigons chopp'd and changed,[1]
The wat'ry with the fiery ranged,[2]
Then how can their effects still hold
To be the same they were of old ?
This, though the art were true, would make
Our modern soothsayers mistake ;
And is one cause they tell more lies,
In figures and nativities,

[1] 'Trigons chopp'd and changed:' Trigon, the joining together of three signs of the same nature and quality, beholding one another in a trine aspect, and counted according to the four elements. — [2] 'The wat'ry with the fiery ranged:' the watery, are Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces; the fiery, Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius.

Than th' old Chaldean conjurers,
In so many hundred thousand years;
Beside their nonsense in translating,
For want of accidence and Latin,
Like Idus and Calendæ, English'd
The Quarter days, by skilful linguist:
And yet with canting, sleight, and cheat,
'Twill serve their turn to do the feat;
Make fools believe in their foreseeing
Of things before they are in being;
To swallow gudgeons ere they 're catch'd,
And count their chickens ere they 're hatch'd;
Make them the constellations prompt,
And give 'em back their own accompt;
But still the best to him that gives
The best price for 't, or best believes.
Some towns, some cities, some for brevity
Have cast the versal world's nativity;
And make the infant stars confess,
Like fools or children, what they please.
Some calculate the hidden fates
Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats;
Some running-nags, and fighting-cocks;
Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox;
Some take a measure of the lives
Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives,
Make opposition, trine, and quartile,
Tell who is barren, and who fertile;
As if the planet's first aspect
The tender infant did infect
In soul and body, and instil
All future good, and future ill:
Which in their dark fatal'ties lurking,
At destined periods fall a-working;

And break out, like the hidden seeds
Of long diseases, into deeds,
In friendships, enmities, and strife,
And all th' emergencies of life.
No sooner does he peep into
The world, but he has done his do,
Catch'd all diseases, took all physic
That cures or kills a man that is sick ;
Marry'd his punctual dose of wives,[1]
Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
There 's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war,
A thief and justice, fool and knave,
A huffing officer and a slave,
A crafty lawyer and pick-pocket,
A great philosopher and a blockhead,
A formal preacher and a player,
A learn'd physician and manslayer :
As if men from the stars did suck
Old age, diseases, and ill-luck,
Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,
Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice ;
And draw, with the first air they breathe,
Battle, and murder, sudden death.
Are not these fine commodities,
To be imported from the skies,
And vended here among the rabble,
For staple goods and warrantable ?
Like money by the Druids borrow'd,
In th' other world to be restored ?[2]

[1] ' Punctual dose : ' the number assigned him by this heavenly influence at his nativity. — [2] ' In th' other world to be restored : ' Mr Purchase (see Pilgrims, part iii. lib. ii. p. 270) informs us, ' That some priests of Pekin barter with the people upon bills of exchange to be paid an hundred for one in heaven.'

Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know
You wrong the art, and artists too,
Since arguments are lost on those
That do our principles oppose ;
I will (although I 've done 't before)
Demonstrate to your sense once more,
And draw a figure that shall tell you,
What you, perhaps, forget befell you,
By way of horary inspection,
Which some account our worst erection.
With that he circles draws, and squares,
With cyphers, astral characters ;
Then looks 'em o'er, to understand 'em,
Although set down hab-nab, at random.
Quoth he, This scheme of th' Heavens set,
Discovers how in fight you met
At Kingston[1] with a May-pole idol,
And that y' were bang'd, both back and side well ;
And though you overcame the Bear,
The Dogs beat you at Brentford fair ;
Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,
And handled you like a fop-doodle.[2]
Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive
You are no conj'rer, by your leave :
That paltry story is untrue,
And forged to cheat such gulls as you.
Not true ? quoth he ; Howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear ;
Whachum shall justify 't t' your face,
And prove he was upon the place :
He play'd the Saltinbancho's part,[3]
Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art ;

[1] 'Kingston :' alluding to a sham second part of 'Hudibras' containing an adventure in Kingston. — [2] 'Fop-doodle :' a fool. — [3] 'Saltinbancho :' mountebank.

He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
Choused and caldesed ye[1] like a blockhead;
And what you lost I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' th' house.
  Quoth Hudibras, I do believe
That argument 's demonstrative;
Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us
A constable to seize the wretches:
For though they 're both false knaves and cheats,
Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,
I 'll make them serve for perpendiculars,
As true as e'er were used by bricklayers.
They 're guilty by their own confessions
Of felony, and at the Sessions,
Upon the bench, I will so handle 'em,
That the vibration of this pendulum
Shall make all tailors' yards of one
Unanimous opinion;
A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now shall make it out by proof.
  Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt
To find friends that will bear me out;
Nor have I hazarded my art,
And neck, so long on the State's part,
To be exposed, i' th' end, to suffer,
By such a braggadocio huffer.
  Huffer! quoth Hudibras, this sword
Shall down thy false throat cram that word.
Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,
To apprehend this Stygian sophister;
Meanwhile I 'll hold 'em at a bay,
Lest he and Whachum run away.

[1] 'Caldesed ye:' put the fortune-teller upon you, called Chaldean.

But Sidrophel, who, from th' aspect
Of Hudibras, did now erect
A figure worse portending far
Than that of most malignant star,
Believed it now the fittest moment
To shun the danger that might come on 't,
While Hudibras was all alone,
And he and Whachum, two to one.
This being resolved, he spy'd, by chance,
Behind the door an iron lance,
That many a sturdy limb had gored,
And legs, and loins, and shoulders, bored:
He snatch'd it up, and made a pass,
To make his way through Hudibras.
Whachum had got a fire-fork,
With which he vow'd to do his work.
But Hudibras was well prepared,
And stoutly stood upon his guard:
He put by Sidrophello's thrust,
And in right manfully he rush'd;
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.
Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,
And basely turn'd his back to fly;
But Hudibras gave him a twitch
As quick as lightning in the breech,
Just in the place where honour 's lodged,
As wise philosophers have judged;
Because a kick in that place more
Hurts honour than deep wounds before.
Quoth Hudibras, The stars determine
You are my prisoners, base vermin:
Could they not tell you so, as well
As what I came to know foretell?

By this what cheats you are we find,
That in your own concerns are blind.
Your lives are now at my dispose,
To be redeem'd by fine or blows:
But who his honour would defile,
To take, or sell, two lives so vile?
I'll give you quarter; but your pillage,
The conqu'ring warrior's crop and tillage,
Which with his sword he reaps and ploughs,
That 's mine, the law of arms allows.
This said in haste, in haste he fell
To rummaging of Sidrophel:
First, he expounded both his pockets,
And found a watch, with rings and lockets,
Which had been left with him t' erect
A figure for, and so detect;
A copperplate, with almanacs
Engraved upon 't, with other knacks,
Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers',[1]
And blank schemes to discover nimmers;
A moon-dial, with Napier's bones,[2]
And several Constellation stones,
Engraved in planetary hours,
That over mortals had strange powers,
To make 'em thrive in law or trade,
And stab or poison to evade;
In wit or wisdom to improve,
And be victorious in love.
Whachum had neither cross nor pile,
His plunder was not worth the while;
All which the conq'ror did discompt,
To pay for curing of his rump.

[1] 'Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers':' astrologers of the day.—[2] 'Napier's bones:' small rods for multiplication, invented by Napier of Merchiston.

But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
As Rota-men of politics,[1]
Straight cast about to over-reach
Th' unwary conq'ror with a fetch,
And make him glad (at least) to quit
His victory, and fly the pit,
Before the secular prince of darkness
Arrived to seize upon his carcase :
And as a fox, with hot pursuit,
Chased through a warren, casts about
To save his credit, and among
Dead vermin on a gallows hung ;
And while the dogs run underneath,
Escaped (by counterfeiting death),
Not out of cunning, but a train
Of atoms justling in his brain,
As learn'd philosophers[2] give out ;
So Sidrophello cast about,
And fell to 's wonted trade again,
To feign himself in earnest slain :
First stretch'd out one leg, then another,
And seeming in his breast to smother
A broken sigh ; quoth he, Where am I ?
Alive, or dead ? or which way came I
Through so immense a space so soon ?
But now I thought myself i' th' Moon ;
And that a monster, with huge whiskers,
More formidable than a Switzer's,
My body through and through had drill'd,
And Whachum by my side had kill'd ;

[1] 'Rota-men of politics :' a set of politicians of the day who proposed a rotation principle, so many members of Parliament going out each year.—
[2] 'Learn'd philosophers :' Sir K. Digby, in telling the story.

Had cross-examined both our hose,
And plunder'd all we had to lose :
Look, there he is, I see him now,
And feel the place I am run through ;
And there lies Whachum by my side,
Stone dead, and in his own blood dyed :
Oh ! oh !— With that he fetch'd a groan,
And fell again into a swoon,
Shut both his eyes, and stopp'd his breath,
And to the life out-acted death ;
That Hudibras, to all appearing,
Believed him to be dead as herring.
He held it now no longer safe,
To tarry the return of Ralph,
But rather leave him in the lurch :
Thought he, he has abused our Church,
Refused to give himself one firk
To carry on the Public Work ;
Despised our Synod-men, like dirt,
And made their discipline his sport ;
Divulged the secrets of their Classes,
And their Conventions proved high places ;
Disparaged their tithe-pigs, as Pagan,
And set at nought their cheese and bacon ;
Rail'd at their Covenant, and jeer'd
Their rev'rend Parsons to my beard :
For all which scandals, to be quit
At once, this juncture falls out fit.
I'll make him henceforth to beware,
And tempt my fury, if he dare :
He must at least hold up his hand,
By twelve freeholders to be scann'd ;
Who by their skill in palmistry,
Will quickly read his destiny ;

And make him glad to read his lesson,
Or take a turn for 't at the Session :
Unless his light and gifts prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure.
For if he 'scape with whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do :
And that will disengage my conscience
Of th' obligation, in his own sense :
I 'll make him now by force abide
What he by gentle means denied,
To give my honour satisfaction,
And right the Brethren in the action.
This being resolved, with equal speed
And conduct, he approach'd his steed.
And, with activity unwont,
Assay'd the lofty beast to mount ;
Which once achieved, he spurr'd his palfrey,
To get from th' enemy, and Ralph, free :
Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
And beat, at least three lengths, the wind.

AN HISTORICAL EPISTLE OF HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.[1]

Ecce iterum Crispinus——

Well ! Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy brain,
Without trepanning of your skull
As often as the Moon 's at full :
'Tis not amiss, ere ye 're given o'er
To try one desp'rate med'cine more :

[1] This epistle was published ten years after the third canto of this second part, and is said to have been occasioned by Sir Paul Neal, a conceited virtuoso, and member of the Royal Society, who constantly affirmed that Mr Butler was not the author of 'Hudibras.'

For where your case can be no worse,
The desp'rat'st is the wisest course.
Is 't possible that you, whose ears
Are of the tribe of Issachar's,
And might (with equal reason) either
For merit, or extent of leather,
With William Pryn's, before they were
Retrench'd and crucify'd, compare,
Should yet be deaf against a noise
So roaring as the public voice ?
That speaks your virtues free, and loud,
And openly in every crowd ;
As loud as one that sings his part
T' a wheel-barrow, or turnip-cart ;
Or your new nick-named old invention
To cry green-hastings with an engine
(As if the vehemence had stunn'd,
And torn your drum-heads with the sound) :
And 'cause your folly 's now no news,
But overgrown, and out of use,
Persuade yourself there 's no such matter,
But that 'tis vanish'd out of Nature ;
When Folly, as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears.
For who but you could be possess'd,
With so much ignorance and beast,
That neither all men's scorn, and hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd so often in a mortar,
Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture :
But (like a reprobate) what course
Soever used, grow worse and worse ?
Can no transfusion of the blood,
That makes fools cattle, do you good ?

Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,
To turn 'em into mongrel-curs,
Put you into a way, at least,
To make yourself a better beast ?
Can all your critical intrigues,
Of trying sound from rotten eggs,
Your several new-found remedies
Of curing wounds and scabs in trees,
Your arts of fluxing them for cl-ps,
And purging their infected saps,
Recovering shankers, crystallines,
And nodes and blotches in their rinds,
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller block, your pate ?
But still it must be lewdly bent
To tempt your own due punishment ;
And like your whimsied chariots, draw
The boys to course you without law :
As if the art you have so long
Profess'd of making old dogs young,
In you had virtue to renew
Not only youth, but childhood too.
Can you, that understand all books,
By judging only with your looks,
Resolve all problems with your face,
As others do with B's and A's ;
Unriddle all that mankind knows
With solid bending of your brows ;
All arts and sciences advance,
With screwing of your countenance ;
And with a penetrating eye,
Into th' abstrusest learning pry ;
Know more of any trade b' a hint,
Than those that have been bred up in 't ;

And yet have no art, true or false,
To help your own bad naturals ?
But still the more you strive t' appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder :
For fools are known by looking wise
As men find woodcocks by their eyes.
Hence 'tis that 'cause ye 've gain'd o' th' college
A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent repute,
Y' assume a power as absolute
To judge, and censure, and control,
As if you were the sole Sir Poll ;[1]
And saucily pretend to know
More than your dividend comes to.
You 'll find the thing will not be done
With ignorance and face alone ;
No, though ye 've purchased to your name,
In history so great a fame,
That now your talent 's so well known,
For having all belief outgrown,
That every strange prodigious tale
Is measured by your German scale,
By which the virtuosi try
The magnitude of every lie,
Cast up to what it does amount,
And place the bigg'st to your account ;
That all those stories that are laid
Too truly to you, and those made,
Are now still charged upon your score,
And lesser authors named no more.
Alas ! that faculty betrays
Those soonest it designs to raise ;

[1] ' Sir Poll : ' Sir Politic Would-be, in Ben Jonson's play, called Volpone, or the Fox, a ridiculous pretender to politics.

And all your vain renown will spoil,
As guns o'ercharged the more recoil;
Though he that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretence;
And put, among his wants, but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim.
Though you have try'd that nothing 's borne
With greater ease than public scorn;
That all affronts do still give place
To your impenetrable face;
That makes your way through all affairs,
As pigs through hedges creep with theirs:
Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and brass,
You must not think 'twill always pass.
For all impostors, when they 're known,
Are past their labour, and undone:
And all the best that can befal
An artificial natural
Is that which madmen find, as soon
As once they 're broke loose from the Moon;
And, proof against her influence,
Relapse to e'er so little sense,
To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
For sport of boys, and rabble-wit.

PART THIRD.

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce:
They both approach the Lady's bower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to woo her:
She treats them with a masquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made;
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And steals him from himself by night.

'Tis true, no lover has that power
T' enforce a desperate amour,
As he that has two strings t' his bow,
And burns for love and money too;
For then he 's brave and resolute,
Disdains to render in his suit,
Has all his flames and raptures double,
And hangs, or drowns, with half the trouble;
While those who sillily pursue
The simple, downright way and true,
Make as unlucky applications,
And steer against the stream their passions.
Some forge their mistresses of stars;
And when the ladies prove averse,
And more untoward to be won,
Than by Caligula the Moon,

Cry out upon the stars for doing
Ill offices, to cross their wooing;
When only by themselves they 're hind'red,
For trusting those they made her kindred;
And still, the harsher and hide-bounder
The damsels prove, become the fonder.
For what mad lover ever dy'd,
To gain a soft and gentle bride?
Or for a lady tender-hearted,
In purling streams, or hemp departed?
Leap'd headlong int' Elysium
Through th' windows of a dazzling room?
But for some cross ill-natured dame,
The am'rous fly burnt in his flame.
This to the Knight could be no news,
With all mankind so much in use;
Who therefore took the wiser course,
To make the most of his amours;
Resolved to try all sorts of ways,
As follows in due time and place.
No sooner was the bloody fight
Between the Wizard and the Knight,
With all th' appurtenances, over,
But he relapsed again t' a lover;
As he was always wont to do,
When h' had discomfited a foe;
And used the only antique philters,
Derived from old heroic tilters.
But now triumphant and victorious,
He held th' achievement was too glorious
For such a conqueror to meddle
With petty constable or beadle;
Or fly for refuge to the hostess,
Of th' inns of Court and Chancery, Justice;

Who might perhaps reduce his cause
To th' ordeal trial of the laws ;
Where none escape, but such as branded
With red-hot irons have past bare-handed ;
And if they cannot read one verse
I' th' Psalms,[1] must sing it, and that 's worse.
He therefore, judging it below him,
To tempt a shame the Devil might owe him,
Resolved to leave the Squire for bail
And mainprize for him, to the gaol,
To answer, with his vessel, all
That might disastrously befall ;
And thought it now the fittest juncture
To give the lady a rencounter,
T' acquaint her with his expedition,
And conquest o'er the fierce magician ;
Describe the manner of the fray,
And show the spoils he brought away ;
His bloody scourging aggravate,
The number of the blows and weight :
All which might probably succeed,
And gain belief h' had done the deed ;
Which he resolved t' enforce, and spare
No pawning of his soul to swear ;
But, rather than produce his back,
To set his conscience on the rack ;
And in pursuance of his urging
Of articles perform'd, and scourging,
And all things else upon his part,
Demand delivery of her heart,
Her goods, and chattels, and good graces,
And person up to his embraces.

[1] ' I' th' Psalms : ' alluding to the practice of saving all criminals who could read or sing a verse of the Psalms ; hence the words ' benefit of clergy.'

Thought he, The ancient errant knights
Won all their ladies' hearts in fights ;
And cut whole giants into fritters,
To put them into amorous twitters ;
Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield,
Until their gallants were half kill'd :
But when their bones were drubb'd so sore,
They durst not woo one combat more.
The ladies' hearts began to melt,
Subdued by blows their lovers felt.
So Spanish heroes with their lances
At once wound bulls, and ladies' fancies ;
And he acquires the noblest spouse
That widows greatest herds of cows ;
Then what may I expect to do,
Wh' have quell'd so vast a buffalo ?
Meanwhile, the Squire was on his way,
The Knight's late orders to obey ;
Who sent him for a strong detachment
Of beadles, constables, and watchmen,
T' attack the cunning man, for plunder
Committed falsely on his lumber ;
When he, who had so lately sack'd
The enemy, had done the fact,
Had rifled all his pokes and fobs
Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,[1]
Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
And for his own inventions father'd :
And when they should, at gaol delivery,
Unriddle one another's thievery,
Both might have evidence enough,
To render neither halter-proof :

[1] 'Jiggumbobs:' another name for trinkets or gimcracks.

He thought it desperate to tarry,
And venture to be accessary ;
But rather wisely slip his fetters,
And leave them for the Knight, his betters.
He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
He would have offer'd him that day ;
To make him curry his own hide,
Which no beast ever did beside,
Without all possible evasion,
But of the riding dispensation.
And therefore, much about the hour
The Knight (for reasons told before)
Resolved to leave him to the fury,
Of Justice, and an unpack'd jury,
The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,
And serve him in the self-same trim ;
T' acquaint the Lady what h' had done,
And what he meant to carry on ;
What project 'twas he went about
When Sidrophel and he fell out ;
His firm and steadfast resolution,
To swear her to an execution ;
To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
And bribe the Devil himself to carry her.
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their party-saints to represent ;
Who never failed, upon their sharing,
In any prosperous arms-bearing,
To lay themselves out to supplant
Each other cousin-german saint.
But ere the Knight could do his part,
The Squire had got so much the start,
H' had to the Lady done his errand,
And told her all his tricks aforehand.

Just as he finish'd his report,
The Knight alighted in the court;
And having ty'd his beast t' a pale,
And taking time for both to stale,
He put his band and beard in order,
The sprucer to accost and board her;
And now began t' approach the door,
When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' informer out of sight,
And went to entertain the Knight;
With whom encount'ring, after longees
Of humble and submissive congees,
And all due ceremonies paid,
He stroked his beard, and thus he said:
Madam, I do, as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie;
And now am come to bring your ear
A present you'll be glad to hear;
At least I hope so: the thing's done,
Or I may never see the Sun;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your gentle hand;
And that you'd please to do your part,
As I have done mine, to my smart.
With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back,
As if he felt his shoulders ache.
But she, who well enough knew what
(Before he spoke) he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The mystery of what he mean'd;
And therefore wished him to expound
His dark expressions, less profound.
Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
How much I've suffer'd for your love,

Which (like your votary) to win,
I have not spared my tatter'd skin ;
And, for those meritorious lashes,
To claim your favour and good graces.
  Quoth she, I do remember once
I freed you from the enchanted sconce ;
And that you promised, for that favour,
To bind your back to good behaviour ;
And, for my sake and service vow'd,
To lay upon 't a heavy load,
And what 'twould bear, t' a scruple prove,
As other knights do oft make love ;
Which, whether you have done or no,
Concerns yourself, not me, to know.
But if you have, I shall confess,
Y' are honester than I could guess.
  Quoth he, If you suspect my troth,
I cannot prove it but by oath ;
And if you make a question on 't,
I 'll pawn my soul that I have done 't ;
And he that makes his soul his surety
I think, does give the best security.
  Quoth she, Some say the soul 's secure
Against distress and forfeiture ;
Is free from action and exempt,
From execution and contempt ;
And to be summon'd to appear,
In th' other world 's illegal here ;
And therefore few make any account
Int' what encumbrances they run 't :
For most men carry things so even
Between this world, and Hell, and Heaven,
Without the least offence to either,
They freely deal in all together ;

And equally abhor to quit
This world for both, or both for it ;
And when they pawn and damn their souls,
They are but pris'ners on paroles.
For that, quoth he, 'tis rational,
They may be accountable in all ;
For when there is that intercourse
Between divine and human powers,
That all that we determine here
Commands obedience every where ;
When penalties may be commuted
For fines, or ears, and executed ;
It follows, nothing binds so fast
As souls in pawn and mortgage past :
For oaths are th' only tests and seals
Of right and wrong, and true and false ;
And there 's no other way to try
The doubts of Law and Justice by.
Quoth she, What is it you would swear ?
There 's no believing till I hear :
For, till they 're understood, all tales
(Like nonsense) are not true, nor false.
Quoth he, When I resolved t' obey
What you commanded th' other day,
And to perform my exercise
(As schools are wont), for your fair eyes ;
T' avoid all scruples in the case,
I went to do 't upon the place :
But as the castle is enchanted
By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted
With evil spirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two ;
Before I'd hardly time to lay
My weapons by, and disarray,

I heard a formidable noise,
Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,
That roar'd far off, Despatch and strip,
I 'm ready with th' infernal whip,
That shall divest thy ribs of skin,
To expiate thy ling'ring sin.
Th' hast broke perfidiously thy oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted troth;
But spared thy renegado back,
Where th' hadst so great a prize at stake:
Which now the Fates have order'd me
For penance and revenge to flea;
Unless thou presently make haste;
Time is, time was: and there it ceased.
With which, though startled, I confess,
Yet th' horror of the thing was less
Than the other dismal apprehension
Of interruption or prevention;
And therefore snatching up the rod,
I laid upon my back a load;
Resolved to spare no flesh and blood,
To make my word and honour good:
Till tired, and taking truce at length,
For new recruits of breath and strength,
I felt the blows, still ply'd as fast,
As if th' had been by lovers placed,
In raptures of Platonic lashing,
And chaste contemplative bardashing:
When facing hastily about,
To stand upon my guard and scout,
I found th' infernal cunning man,
And th' under-witch, his Caliban,
With scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
That on my outward quarters storm'd:

In haste I snatch'd my weapon up,
And gave their hellish rage a stop;
Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell
Courageously on Sidrophel;
Who now transform'd himself t' a bear,
Began to roar aloud and tear:
When I as furiously press'd on,
My weapon down his throat to run,
Laid hold on him; but he broke loose,
And turn'd himself into a goose,
Dived under water, in a pond,
To hide himself from being found.
In vain I sought him; but as soon
As I perceived him fled and gone,
Prepared with equal haste and rage,
His under-sorcerer t' engage.
But bravely scorning to defile
My sword with feeble blood and vile,
I judged it better from a quick-
Set hedge to cut a knotty stick,
With which I furiously laid on,
Till, in a harsh and doleful tone,
It roar'd, O hold, for pity, Sir!
I am too great a sufferer,
Abused as you have been, b' a witch
But conjured into worse caprich;
Who sends me out on many a jaunt,
Old houses in the night to haunt,
For opportunities t' improve
Designs of thievery or love;
With drugs convey'd in drink or meat,
All feats of witches counterfeit,
Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glass,
And make it for enchantment pass;

With cow-itch [1] meazle like a leper,
And choke with fumes of Guinea-pepper :
Make lechers, and their punks, with dewtry,
Commit phantastical advowtry ; [2]
Bewitch Hermetic men to run [3]
Stark staring mad with manicon ; [4]
Believe mechanic virtuosi
Can raise 'em mountains in Potosi ; [5]
And sillier than the antic fools,
Take treasure for a heap of coals ;
Seek out for plants with signatures,
To quack of universal cures ;
With figures ground on panes of glass,
Make people on their heads to pass ; [6]
And mighty heaps of coin increase,
Reflected from a single piece ;
To draw in fools whose natural itches
Incline perpetually to witches ;
And keep me in continual fears,
And danger of my neck and ears ;
When less delinquents have been scourged,
And hemp on wooden anvils forged,
Which others for cravats have worn
About their necks, and took a turn.
I pity'd the sad punishment
The wretched caitiff underwent,
And held my drubbing of his bones
Too great an honour for poltroons ;

[1] 'Cow-itch :' cowage, commonly called cow-itch, is a great sort of kidney-bean, a native of the East Indies.—[2] 'Advowtry :' dutroy, dewtroa, now called datura, an intoxicating plant which grows in the East Indies—[3] 'Hermetic men to run :' Hermes Tresmegistus, an Egyptian philosopher, and said to have lived Anno Mundi 2076. —[4] 'Manicon :' an herb so called from its making people mad.—[5] 'Potosi :' the famous silver city of Peru.—[6] 'People on their heads to pass :' the camera obscura.

For Knights are bound to feel no blows
From paltry and unequal foes,
Who when they slash and cut to pieces,
Do all with civilest addresses:
Their horses never give a blow,
But when they make a leg and bow.
I therefore spared his flesh, and press'd him
About the witch with many a question.
  Quoth he, For many years he drove
A kind of broking trade in love;
Employ'd in all th' intrigues and trust
Of feeble speculative lust;
Procurer to th' extravagancy,
And crazy ribaldry of fancy,
By those the Devil had forsook,
As things below him, to provoke.
But being a virtuoso, able
To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his talent most adroit,
For any mystical exploit;
As others of his tribe had done,
And raised their prices three to one.
For one predicting pimp has th' odds
Of chaldrons of plain downright bawds.
But as an elf (the Devil's valet)
Is not so slight a thing to get;
For those that do his bus'ness best,
In Hell are used the ruggedest;
Before so meriting a person
Could get a grant, but in reversion,
He served two 'prenticeships and longer,
I' th' mystery of a lady-monger.
For (as some write) a witch's ghost,
As soon as from the body loosed,

Becomes a puiny imp itself,
And is another witch's elf;
He, after searching far and near,
At length found one in Lancashire,[1]
With whom he bargain'd beforehand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd.
Since which h' has play'd a thousand feats,
And practised all mechanic cheats;
Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes
Of wolves and bears, baboons and apes;
Which he has vary'd more than witches,
Or Pharaoh's wizards[2] could their switches;
And all with whom h' has had to do,
Turn'd to as monstrous figures too.
Witness myself, whom h' has abused,
And to this beastly shape reduced,
By feeding me on beans and pease,
He crams in nasty crevices,
And turns to comfits by his arts,
To make me relish for deserts;
And one by one, with shame and fear,
Lick up the candy'd provender.
Beside———But as h' was running on,
To tell what other feats h' had done,
The lady stopp'd his full career,
And told him now 'twas time to hear:
If half those things (said she) be true—
They 're all, quoth he, I swear by you—
Why, then (said she), that Sidrophel
Has damn'd himself to th' pit of hell;
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
And hackney of a Lapland hag,

[1] 'Lancashire:' all have heard of Lancashire witches. — [2] 'Pharaoh's wizards:' see Exodus vii. 11.

In quest of you came hither post,
Within an hour (I 'm sure) at most;
Who told me all you swear and say
Quite contrary another way;
Vow'd that you came to him, to know
If you should carry me or no;
And would have hired him and his imps
To be your match-makers and pimps,
T' engage the Devil on your side,
And steal (like Proserpine) your bride.
But he, disdaining to embrace
So filthy a design and base,
You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him like a ruffian;
Surprized him meanly, unprepared,
Before h' had time to mount his guard;
And left him dead upon the ground,
With many a bruise and desperate wound:
Swore you had broke, and robb'd his house,
And stole his talismanic[1] louse,
And all his new-found old inventions,
With flat felonious intentions;
Which he could bring out, where he had,
And what he bought them for, and paid:
His flea, his morpion, and punese,
H' had gotten for his proper ease,
And all in perfect minutes made,
By th' ablest artist of the trade;
Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
He has been eaten up almost;
And altogether might amount
To many hundreds on account:

[1] 'Talisman:' an image of any noxious animal made of consecrated metal was thought to keep that animal away.

For which h' had got sufficient warrant
To seize the malefactors errant,
Without capacity of bail
But of a cart's or horse's tail;
And did not doubt to bring the wretches,
To serve for pendulums to watches;
Which, modern virtuosos say,
Incline to hanging every way.
Beside, he swore, and swore 'twas true,
That, ere he went in quest of you,
He set a figure to discover
If you were fled to Rye or Dover;
And found it clear, that, to betray
Yourselves and me, you fled this way;
And that he was upon pursuit,
To take you somewhere hereabout.
He vow'd he had intelligence
Of all that pass'd before and since;
And found, that ere you came to him,
Y' had been engaging life and limb,
About a case of tender conscience,
Where both abounded in your own sense;
Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,
Had clear'd all scruples in the case,
And proved that you might swear and own
Whatever's by the Wicked done:
For which, most basely to requite
The service of his gifts and light,
You strove t' oblige him, by main force,
To scourge his ribs instead of yours;
But that he stood upon his guard,
And all your vapouring out-dared;
For which, between you both, the feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' outside of his eyes to white
(As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon 't) :
He wonder'd how she came to know
What he had done, and meant to do ;
Held up his affidavit-hand,
As if h' had been to be arraign'd ;
Cast towards the door a ghastly look,
In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke :
Madam, If but one word be true
Of all the wizard has told you,
Or but one single circumstance
In all th' apocryphal romance,
May dreadful earthquakes swallow down
This vessel, that is all your own ;
Or may the Heavens fall, and cover
These reliques of your constant lover !
You have provided well, quoth she
(I thank you), for yourself and me,
And shown your Presbyterian wits
Jump punctual with the Jesuits ;
A most compendious way and civil,
At once to cheat the World, the Devil,
And Heaven, and Hell, yourselves, and those
On whom you vainly think t' impose.
Why, then (quoth he), may Hell surprise—
That trick (said she) will not pass twice :
I 've learn'd how far I 'm to believe
Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve :
But there 's a better way of clearing
What you would prove than downright swearing ;
For if you have perform'd the feat,
The blows are visible as yet,

Enough to serve for satisfaction
Of nicest scruples in the action:
And if you can produce those knobs,
Although they're but the witches' drubs,
I'll pass them all upon account,
As if your natural self had done't;
Provided that they pass th' opinion
Of able juries of old women,
Who, used to judge all matter of facts
For bellies, may do so for backs.
  Madam (quoth he), Your love's a million;
To do is less than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my power,
T' obey what you command, and more.
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care,
To keep my wounds from taking air;
For wounds in those that are all heart,
Are dangerous in any part.
  I find (quoth she) my goods and chattels
Are like to prove but mere drawn battles;
For still the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end;
But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect of me?
  Your plighted faith (quoth he) and word
You pass'd in Heaven on record,
Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlastingly enroll'd:
And if 'tis counted treason here
To rase records, 'tis much more there.
  Quoth she, There are no bargains driv'n,
Nor marriages clapp'd up in Heav'n;

And that 's the reason, as some guess,
There is no heav'n in marriages;
Two things that naturally press
Too narrowly to be at ease;
Their bus'ness there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t' improve.
Love, that 's too generous to abide
To be against its nature ty'd:
For where 'tis of itself inclined,
It breaks loose when it is confined;
And like the soul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out, and flies away;
And therefore never can comply
T' endure the matrimonial tie,
That binds the female and the male,
Where th' one is but the other's bail;
Like Roman gaolers, when they slept,
Chain'd to the prisoners they kept;
Of which the true and faithfull'st lover
Gives best security to suffer.
Marriage is but a beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way;
And therefore 'tis not to b' admired,
It should so suddenly be tired;
A bargain at a venture made
Between two partners in a trade;
(For what 's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold,
But something past away and sold?)
That, as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things else as low;
And at the best is but a mart
Between the one and th' other part.

That on the marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of death the bet is laid;
And all the rest of better or worse,
Both are but losers out of purse.
For when upon their ungot heirs
Th' entail themselves, and all that 's theirs,
What blinder bargain e'er was driven,
Or wager laid at six and seven,
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their children's tenants e'er they 're born?
Beg one another idiot
To guardians, ere they are begot,
Or ever shall perhaps, by th' one
Who 's bound to vouch 'em for his own.
Though got b' implicit generation,
And general club of all the nation;
For which she 's fortify'd no less
Than all the island, with four seas;
Exacts the tribute of her dower,
In ready insolence and power;
And makes him pass away, to have
And hold, to her, himself, her slave.
More wretched than an ancient villain,[1]
Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling;
While all he does upon the by
She is not bound to justify;
Nor at her proper cost and charge
Maintain the feats he does at large.
Such hideous sots were those obedient
Old vassals to their ladies regent,
To give the cheats the eldest hand
In foul play, by the laws o' th' land;

[1] 'Villain:' or slave.

For which so many a legal cuckold
Has been run down in courts, and truckled.
A law that most unjustly yokes
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Nokes,[1]
Without distinction of degree,
Condition, age, or quality;
Admits no power of revocation,
Nor valuable consideration,
Nor writ of error, nor reverse
Of judgment past, for better or worse
Will not allow the privileges
That beggars challenge under hedges,
Who, when they 're grieved, can make dead horses
Their spiritual judges of divorces;
While nothing else, but *rem in re*,
Can set the proudest wretches free;
A slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring:
As spiders never seek the fly,
But leave him, of himself, t' apply;
So men are by themselves employ'd,
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their necks into a noose,
They 'd break 'em after, to break loose.
As some, whom Death would not depart,
Have done the feat themselves, by art:
Like Indian widows, gone to bed
In flaming curtains, to the dead;
And men as often dangled for 't,
And yet will never leave the sport.
Nor do the ladies want excuse
For all the stratagems they use,

[1] 'Johns of Stiles to Joans of Nokes:' two fictitious names, only made use of by young lawyers in stating cases.

To gain th' advantage of the set,
And lurch the amorous rook and cheat.
For as the Pythagorean soul
Runs thro' all beasts, and fish, and fowl,
And has a smack of ev'ry one,
So Love does, and has ever done :
And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so fond,
Takes strangely to the vagabond.
'Tis but an ague that 's reversed,
Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
That after burns with cold as much
As iron in Greenland does the touch ;
Melts in the furnace of desire,
Like glass, that 's but the ice of fire ;
And when his heat of fancy 's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a lover :
For when he 's with love-powder laden,
And primed and cock'd by Miss or Madam,
The smallest sparkle of an eye
Gives fire to his artillery ;
And off the loud oaths go, but, while
They 're in the very act, recoil.
Hence 'tis so few dare take their chance
Without a sep'rate maintenance ;
And widows, who have try'd one lover,
Trust none again till they 've made over ;
Or if they do, before they marry,
The foxes weigh the geese they carry,
And ere they venture o'er a stream,
Know how to size themselves and them :
Whence wittiest ladies always choose
To undertake the heaviest goose.
For now the world is grown so wary
That few of either sex dare marry,

But rather trust, on tick, t' amours,
The cross and pile for better or worse ;
A mode that is held honourable,
As well as French and fashionable :
For when it falls out for the best,
Where both are incommoded least,
In soul and body two unite,
To make up one Hermaphrodite ;
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling,
They 've more punctilios and capriches
Between the petticoat and breeches,
More petulant extravagances,
Then poets make 'em in romances ;
Though when their heroes 'spouse the dames,
We hear no more of charms and flames :
For then their late attracts decline,
And turn as eager as prick'd wine ;
And all their caterwauling tricks,
In earnest to as jealous piques ;
Which th' Ancients wisely signify'd
By th' yellow mantuas of the bride.
For jealousy is but a kind
Of clap and grincam of the mind,
The natural effects of love,
As other flames and aches prove :
But all the mischief is, the doubt
On whose account they first broke out.
For though Chineses go to bed,
And lie-in, in their ladies' stead,
And, for the pains they took before,
Are nursed and pamper'd to do more ;
Our green-men do it worse, when th' hap
To fall in labour of a clap ;

Both lay the child to one another ;
But who 's the father, who the mother,
'Tis hard to say in multitudes,
Or who imported the French goods.
But health and sickness being all one,
Which both engaged before to own,
And are not with their bodies bound
To worship only when they 're sound ;
Both give and take their equal shares
Of all they suffer by false wares ;
A fate no lover can divert
With all his caution, wit, and art :
For 'tis in vain to think to guess
At women by appearances ;
That paint and patch their imperfections
Of intellectual complexions ;
And daub their tempers o'er with washes
As artificial as their faces ;
Wear, under vizard masks, their talents
And mother-wits, before their gallants ;
Until they 're hamper'd in the noose,
Too fast to dream of breaking loose :
When all the flaws they strove to hide
Are made unready with the bride,
That with her wedding-clothes undresses
Her complaisance and gentilesses ;
Tries all her arts to take upon her
The government, from th' easy owner :
Until the wretch is glad to waive
His lawful right, and turn her slave ;
Find all his having and his holding
Reduced t' eternal noise and scolding ;
The conjugal petard that tears
Down all portcullises of ears,

And makes the volley of one tongue
For all their leathern shields too strong;
When only arm'd with noise, and nails,
The female silk-worms ride the males,
Transform 'em into rams and goats,
Like Sirens, with their charming notes;
Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade,
Or those enchanting murmurs made
By th' husband mandrake and the wife,
Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.
Quoth he, These reasons are but strains
Of wanton over-heated brains,
Which ralliers, in their wit or drink,
Do rather wheedle with than think.
Man was not man in Paradise,
Until he was created twice,
And had his better half, his bride,
Carved from th' original, his side,
T' amend his natural defects,
And perfect his recruiting sex,
Enlarge his breed, at once, and lessen
The pains and labours of increasing,
By changing them for other cares,
As by his dry'd-up paps appears.
His body, that stupendous frame,
Of all the world the anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact,
In shape and symmetry exact;
Of which the left and female side
Is to the manly right a bride,
Both join'd together with such art,
That nothing else but Death can part.
Those heavenly attracts of yours, your eyes,
And face, that all the world surprise,

That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other ladies tawny ;
Those ravishing and charming graces,
Are all made up of two half faces,
That in a mathematic line,
Like those in other Heavens, join,
Of which, if either grew alone,
'Twould fright as much to look upon ;
And so would that sweet bud, your lip,
Without the other's fellowship.
Our noblest senses act by pairs,
Two eyes to see, to hear two ears ;
Th' intelligencers of the mind,
To wait upon the soul design'd ;
But those that serve the body alone,
Are single, and confined to one.
The world is but two parts, that meet
And close at th' equinoctial fit ;
And so are all the works of Nature,
Stamp'd with her signature on matter ;
Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
Or smallest blade of grass, receive.
All which sufficiently declare
How entirely marriage is her care,
The only method that she uses,
In all the wonders she produces ;
And those that take their rules from her,
Can never be deceived nor err:
For what secures the civil life
But pawns of children, and a wife ?
That lie, like hostages, at stake,
To pay for all men undertake ;
To whom it is as necessary,
As to be born and breathe, to marry.

So universal, all mankind,
In nothing else, is of one mind.
For in what stupid age or nation
Was marriage ever out of fashion?
Unless among the Amazons,
Or cloister'd friars and Vestal nuns;
Or Stoics, who, to bar the freaks
And loose excesses of the sex,
Prepost'rously would have all women
Turn'd up to all the world in common.
Though men would find such mortal feuds
In sharing of their public goods,
'Twould put them to more charge of lives,
Than they 're supply'd with now by wives;
Until they graze, and wear their clothes,
As beasts do, of their native growths:
For simple wearing of their horns
Will not suffice to serve their turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unless the marriage-deed will bear it?
Could claim no right to lands or rents,
But for our parents' settlements;
Had been but younger sons o' th' earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.
What honours, or estates of peers,
Could be preserved but by their heirs;
And what security maintains
Their right and title, but the banes?[1]
What crowns could be hereditary,
If greatest monarchs did not marry,
And with their consorts consummate
Their weightiest interests of state?

[1] 'Banes:' banns.

For all th' amours of princes are
But guarantees of peace or war.
Or what but marriage has a charm,
The rage of empires to disarm ?
Make blood and desolation cease,
And fire and sword unite in peace,
When all their fierce contests for forage
Conclude in articles of marriage ?
Nor does the genial bed provide
Less for the int'rests of the bride ;
Who else had not the least pretence
T' as much as due benevolence ;
Could no more title take upon her
To virtue, quality, and honour,
Than ladies errant unconfined
And femme-coverts t' all mankind.
All women would be of one piece,
The virtuous matron, and the miss ;
The nymphs of chaste Diana's train,
The same with those in Lewkner's lane ;
But for the difference marriage makes
'Twixt wives and ladies of the Lakes :
Besides the joys of place and birth,
The sexes' Paradise on earth ;
A privilege so sacred held,
That none will to their mothers yield ;
But, rather than not go before,
Abandon Heaven at the door.
And if th' indulgent law allows
A greater freedom to the spouse,
The reason is, because the wife
Runs greater hazards of her life ;
Is trusted with the form and matter
Of all mankind by careful Nature :

Where man brings nothing but the stuff
She frames the wondrous fabric of;
Who therefore, in a strait, may freely
Demand the clergy of her belly,
And make it save her the same way
It seldom misses to betray,
Unless both parties wisely enter
Into the Liturgy indenture.
And though some fits of small contest
Sometimes fall out among the best;
That is no more than every lover
Does from his hackney lady suffer:
That makes no breach of faith and love,
But rather (sometimes) serves t' improve.
For, as in running, every pace
Is but between two legs a race,
In which both do their uttermost
To get before, and win the post;
Yet when they 're at their races' ends,
They 're still as kind and constant friends,
And, to relieve their weariness,
By turns give one another ease:
So all those false alarms of strife,
Between the husband and the wife,
And little quarrels, often prove
To be but new recruits of Love:
When those wh' are always kind or coy,
In time must either tire or cloy.
Nor are their loudest clamours more,
Than as they 're relish'd, sweet or sour:
Like music, that proves bad, or good,
According as 'tis understood.
In all amours a lover burns
With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns;

And hearts have been as oft with sullen,
As charming looks, surprised and stolen:
Then why should more bewitching clamour
Some lovers not as much enamour?
For discords make the sweetest airs,
And curses are a kind of prayers;
Too slight alloys for all those grand
Felicities by marriage gain'd.
For nothing else has power to settle
Th' interests of love perpetual;
An act and deed that makes one heart
Become another's counterpart,
And passes fines on faith and love,
Enroll'd and register'd above,
To seal the slippery knots of vows,
Which nothing else but Death can loose.
And what security 's too strong,
To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
That to its friend is glad to pass
Itself away, and all it has:
And, like an anchoret, gives over
This world for th' Heaven of a lover?
  I grant (quoth she) there are some few
Who take that course, and find it true:
But millions whom the same does sentence
To Heaven, b' another way, repentance.
Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,
Though all they hit, they turn to lovers;
And all the weighty consequents
Depend upon more blind events,
Than gamesters, when they play a set
With greatest cunning at Piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unsight, unseen.

For what do lovers, when they 're fast
In one another's arms embraced,
But strive to plunder, and convey
Each other, like a prize, away?
To change the property of selves,
As sucking children are by elves?
And if they use their persons so,
What will they to their fortunes do?
Their fortunes! the perpetual aims
Of all their ecstasies and flames.
For when the money 's on the book,[1]
And *all my worldly goods* but spoke
(The formal livery and seisin
That puts a lover in possession),
To that alone the bridegroom 's wedded,
The bride a flam, that 's superseded.
To that their faith is still made good,
And all the oaths to us they vow'd:
For, when we once resign our powers,
W' have nothing left we can call ours:
Our money 's now become the Miss
Of all your lives and services;
And we forsaken and postponed,
But bawds to what before we own'd;
Which, as it made y' at first gallant us,
So now hires others to supplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors
(As we had been), for new amours.
For what did ever heiress yet,
By being born to lordships, get?
When, the more lady sh' is of manors,
She 's but exposed to more trepanners,

[1] 'Money 's on the book:' alluding to the minister's and clerk's fees, which are ordered by the Rubric to be laid upon the book, with the wedding-ring.

Pays for their projects and designs,
And for her own destruction fines;
And does but tempt them with her riches,
To use her as the Devil does witches;
Who takes it for a special grace,
To be their cully for a space,
That, when the time 's expired, the drazels
For ever may become his vassals:
So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,
Betrays herself, and all sh' inherits;
Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,
By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds;
Until they force her to convey,
And steal the thief himself away.
These are the everlasting fruits
Of all your passionate love-suits,
Th' effects of all your amorous fancies,
To portions and inheritances;
Your love-sick rapture, for fruition
Of dowry, jointure, and tuition,
To which you make address and courtship,
And with your bodies strive to worship;
That th' infant's fortunes may partake
Of love, too, for the mother's sake.
For these you play at purposes,
And love your loves with A's and B's;
For these, at *beste* and *l'ombre* woo,
And play for love and money too;
Strive who shall be the ablest man
At right gallanting of a fan;
And who the most genteelly bred
At sucking of a vizard-bead;
How best t' accost us, in all quarters,
T' our question-and-command new garters;

And solidly discourse upon
All sorts of dresses *pro* and *con:*
For there 's no mystery nor trade,
But in the art of love is made;
And when you have more debts to pay
Than Michaelmas and Lady-day,
And no way possible to do 't
But love and oaths, and restless suit;
To us y' apply, to pay the scores
Of all your cully'd past amours;
Act o'er your flames and darts again,
And charge us with your wounds and pain:
Which others' influences long since
Have charm'd your noses with, and shins:
For which the surgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our aid.
Lord! what an amorous thing is want!
How debts and mortgages enchant!
What graces must that lady have,
That can from executions save!
What charms, that can reverse extent,[1]
And null decree and exigent!
What magical attracts, and graces,
That can redeem from *Scire facias!*
From bonds and statutes can discharge,
And from contempts of courts enlarge!
These are the highest excellences
Of all your true or false pretences:
And you would damn yourselves and swear
As much t' an hostess dowager,
Grown fat and pursy by retail
Of pots of beer and bottled ale;

[1] 'Extent,' &c.: law terms.

And find her fitter for your turn,
For fat is wondrous apt to burn ;
Who at your flames would soon take fire,
Relent, and melt to your desire,
And, like a candle in the socket,
Dissolve her graces int' your pocket.
By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When they heard a knocking at the gate,
Laid on in haste with such a powder,
The blows grew louder still and louder ;
Which Hudibras, as if they 'd been
Bestow'd as freely on his skin,
Expounding by his inward light,
Or rather more prophetic fright,
To be the wizard, come to search,
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as ashes, or a clout ;
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt :
For men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much or too little valour.
His heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a passage through his side,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em ;
But in a fury to fly at 'em ;
And therefore beat and laid about,
To find a cranny to creep out.
But she, who saw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,
Know, I 'm resolved to break no rite
Of hospital'ty to a stranger,
But, to secure you out of danger,
Will here myself stand sentinel,
To guard this pass, 'gainst Sidrophel.

Women, you know, do seldom fail
To make the stoutest men turn tail;
And bravely scorn to turn their backs
Upon the desp'ratest attacks.
At this the Knight grew resolute
As Ironside, or Hardiknute;
His fortitude began to rally,
And out he cry'd aloud to sally.
But she besought him to convey
His courage rather out o' th' way,
And lodge in ambush on the floor,
Or fortify'd behind a door;
That, if the enemy should enter,
He might relieve her in the adventure.
  Meanwhile they knock'd against the door
As fierce as at the gate before;
Which made the renegado Knight
Relapse again t' his former fright.
He thought it desperate to stay
Till th' enemy had forced his way,
But rather post himself, to serve
The Lady, for a fresh reserve.
His duty was, not to dispute,
But what sh' had order'd execute:
Which he resolved in haste t' obey,
And therefore stoutly march'd away;
And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
Though in the dark, and all alone:
Till fear, that braver feats performs,
Than ever courage dared in arms,
Had drawn him up before a pass,
To stand upon his guard, and face:
This he courageously invaded,
And, having enter'd, barricadoed;

Ensconced himself as formidable
As could be underneath a table;
Where he lay down in ambush close,
T' expect th' arrival of his foes.
Few minutes he had lain *perdue*,
To guard his desp'rate avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful shout,
As loud as putting to the rout;
With which impatiently alarmed,
He fancy'd th' enemy had storm'd;
And, after ent'ring, Sidrophel
Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell.
He therefore sent out all his senses,
To bring him in intelligences;
Which vulgars, out of ignorance,
Mistake, for falling in a trance;
But those that trade in geomancy,
Affirm to be the strength of fancy,
In which the Lapland Magi deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Meanwhile the foe beat up his quarters,
And storm'd the outworks of his fortress:
And as another of the same
Degree and party, in arms and fame,
That in the same cause had engaged,
And war with equal conduct waged,
By vent'ring only but to thrust
His head a span beyond his post,
B' a Gen'ral of the Cavaliers
Was dragg'd thro' a window by th' ears;[1]
So he was serv'd in his redoubt,
And by the other end pull'd out.

[1] 'Dragg'd thro' a window by th' ears:' this was Sir Erasmus P. of P——n Castle in Pembrokeshire, who was so served by Colonel Egerton.

Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they 'd scorn'd to trade or barter,
By giving or by taking quarter:
They stoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his scouts came in t' his aid.
For when a man is past his sense,
There 's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' ears or nose,
Or laying on of heavy blows;
And if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot irons proceed.
No sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his neck a sturdy elf
Clapp'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof,
And thus attack'd him with reproof:
Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
B' our friend, thy evil genius,
Who for thy horrid perjuries,
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
The Brethren's privilege (against
The wicked) on themselves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched carcase sent,
For just revenge and punishment;
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open free confession;
For, if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.
What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Lady's heart away?
To spirit her to matrimony?——
That which contracts all matches—money.
It was th' enchantment of her riches,
That made m' apply t' your crony witches;

That in return would pay th' expense
The wear and tear of conscience,
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd,
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.
  Didst thou not love her, then? Speak true.
No more (quoth he) than I love you.
  How wouldst thou 've used her and her money?
  First turn'd her up to alimony,
And laid her dowry out in law,
To null her jointure with a flaw,
Which I beforehand had agreed
T' have put, on purpose, in the deed;
And bar her widow's making over
T' a friend in trust, or private lover.
  What made thee pick and choose her out
T' employ their sorceries about?
  That which makes gamesters play with those
Who have least wit, and most to lose.
  But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us?
  I see you take me for an ass:
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass
Upon a woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by proof;
Whose humours are not to be won
But when they are imposed upon.
For Love approves of all they do
That stand for candidates, and woo.
  Why didst thou forge those shameful lies,
Of bears and witches in disguise?
  That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe:
A trick of following their leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers.

And we have now no other way
Of passing all we do or say;
Which, when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believed b' a very few,
Beside the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of sense.
  Why didst thou choose that cursed sin,
Hypocrisy, to set up in?
  Because it is the thriving'st calling,
The only Saints' bell that rings all in;
In which all Churches are concern'd,
And is the easiest to be learn'd:
For no degrees, unless th' employ 't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy 't:
A gift that is not only able
To domineer among the rabble,
But by the laws empower'd to rout
And awe the greatest that stand out:
Which few hold forth against, for fear
Their hands should slip, and come too near;
For no sin else among the Saints
Is taught so tenderly against.
  What made thee break thy plighted vows?
  That which makes others break a house,
And hang, and scorn ye all, before
Endure the plague of being poor.
  Quoth he, I see you have more tricks
Than all our doating politics,
That are grown old, and out of fashion,
Compared with your new Reformation:
That we must come to school to you,
To learn your more refined and new.
  Quoth he, If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,

You 'll find yourself an errant chouse
If y' were but at a meeting-house.
'Tis true, quoth he, we ne'er come there,
Because w' have let 'em out by th' year.
Truly (quoth he), you can't imagine
What wondrous things they will engage in ;
That as your fellow-fiends in Hell
Were angels all before they fell ;
So are you like to be again,
Compared with th' angels of us men.
Quoth he, I am resolved to be
Thy scholar in this mystery ;
And therefore first desire to know
Some principles on which you go.
What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us ?—A livelihood.
What renders beating out of brains,
And murder, godliness ?—Great gains.
What 's tender conscience ?—'Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch ;
But, breaking out, despatches more
Than th' epidemicall'st plague-sore.
What makes y' encroach upon our trade,
And damn all others ?—To be paid.
What 's orthodox and true believing
Against a conscience ?—A good living.
What makes rebelling against kings
A good old Cause ?—Administ'rings.
What makes all doctrine plain and clear ?—
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was proved true before,
Prove false again ?—Two hundred more.
What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty ?—Food and clothes.

What laws and freedom, persecution ?—
Being out of power, and contribution.
What makes a church a den of thieves ?—
A Dean and Chapter, and white sleeves.
And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it orthodox ?—Our own.
What makes morality a crime,
The most notorious of the time ;
Morality, which both the Saints
And wicked, too, cry out against ?
'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin ;
And therefore no true Saint allows
They shall be suffer'd to espouse :
For saints can need no conscience,
That with morality dispense ;
As virtue 's impious, when 'tis rooted,
In nature only, and not imputed :
But why the Wicked should do so,
We neither know, nor care to do.
What 's liberty of conscience,
I' th' natural and genuine sense ?
'Tis to restore, with more security,
Rebellion to its ancient purity ;
And Christian liberty reduce
To th' elder practice of the Jews.
For a large conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none.
It is enough (quoth he) for once,
And has reprieved thy forefeit bones :
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick
(Though he gave name to our Old Nick),[1]

[1] 'Name to our Old Nick:' this is a mistake, as the name was applied to the devil even in Saxon times.

But was below the least of these,
That pass i' th' world for holiness.
This said, the Furies and the light
In th' instant vanish'd out of sight;
And left him in the dark alone,
With stinks of brimstone and his own.
  The Queen of Night, whose large command
Rules all the sea, and half the land,
And over moist and crazy brains,
In high spring-tide, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the west,
To go to bed, and take her rest:
When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
Deny'd his bones that soft repose,
Lay still expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the floor;
And though he shut his eyes as fast
As if h' had been to sleep his last,
Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards
Do make the Devil wear for vizards;
And pricking up his ears to hark
If he could hear too in the dark,
Was first invaded with a groan,
And after, in a feeble tone,
These trembling words: Unhappy wretch,
What hast thou gotten by this fetch,
Or all thy tricks, in this new trade,
Thy holy brotherhood o' th' blade?
By saunt'ring still on some adventure,
And growing to thy horse a Centaur;
To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs?
For still th' hast had the worst on 't yet,
As well in conquest as defeat.

Night is the Sabbath of mankind,
To rest the body and the mind;
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd corpse with sleep.
  The Knight, who heard the words explain'd,
As meant to him, this reprimand,
Because the character did hit,
Point-blank upon his case so fit;
Believed it was some drolling sprite
That staid upon the guard that night,
And one of those h' had seen and felt,
The drubs he had so freely dealt;
When, after a short pause and groan,
The doleful spirit thus went on:
  This 'tis t' engage with Dogs and Bears,
Pell-mell together by the ears,
And, after painful bangs and knocks,
To lie in limbo in the stocks;
And from the pinnacle of glory
Fall headlong into Purgatory—
(Thought he, this Devil 's full of malice,
That on my late disasters rallies)—
Condemn'd to whipping, but declined it,
By being more heroic-minded;
And at a riding handled worse,
With treats more slovenly and coarse;
Engaged with fiends in stubborn wars,
And hot disputes with conjurors;
And, when th' hadst bravely won the day,
Wast fain to steal thyself away—
(I see, thought he, this shameless elf
Would fain steal me too from myself,
That impudently dares to own
What I have suffer'd for and done)—

And now, but vent'ring to betray,
Hast met with vengeance the same way.
Thought he, How does the Devil know
What 'twas that I design'd to do?
His office of intelligence,
His oracles, are ceased long since;
And he knows nothing of the Saints,
But what some treacherous spy acquaints.
This is some pettifogging fiend,
Some under door-keeper's friend's friend,
That undertakes to understand,
And juggles at the second-hand;
And now would pass for Spirit Po,
And all men's dark concerns foreknow.
I think I need not fear him for 't;
These rallying Devils do no hurt.
With that he roused his drooping heart,
And hastily cry'd out, What art?
A wretch (quoth he), whom want of grace
Has brought to this unhappy place.
I do believe thee, quoth the Knight:
Thus far I 'm sure thou 'rt in the right;
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better than thou hast guess'd of me.
Thou art some paltry, blackguard sprite,
Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night;
Thou hast no work to do in th' house,
Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes;
Without the raising of which sum
You dare not be so troublesome;
To pinch the slatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their work to do.
This is your business, good Pug Robin,
And your diversion, dull dry bobbing;

T' entice fanatics in the dirt,
And wash 'em clean in ditches for 't:
Of which conceit you are so proud,
At ev'ry jest you laugh aloud;
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your raillery.
  Sir (quoth the Voice), you 're no such Sophi
As you would have the world judge of ye.
If you design to weigh our talents,
I' th' standard of your own false balance,
Or think it possible to know
Us ghosts, as well as we do you;
We who have been the everlasting
Companions of your drubs and basting,
And never left you in contest,
With male or female, man or beast;
But proved as true t' ye, and entire,
In all adventures, as your Squire.
  Quoth he, That may be said as true
By th' idlest pug of all your crew:
For none could have betray'd us worse
Than those allies of ours and yours.
But I have sent him for a token
To your low country Hogen-mogen,
To whose infernal shores I hope
He 'll swing like skippers in a rope.
And if you 've been more just to me
(As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as true,
What th' ill-affected say of you;
Y' have 'spoused the Covenant and Cause,
By holding up your cloven paws.
  Sir, quoth the Voice, 'Tis true, I grant,
We made and took the Covenant:

But that no more concerns the Cause,
Than other perj'ries do the laws,
Which when they're proved in open court,
Wear wooden peccadillos for't.
And that's the reason Cov'nanters
Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.
I see (quoth Hudibras) from whence
These scandals of the Saints commence,
That are but natural effects
Of Satan's malice, and his sects',
Those spider-saints, that hang by threads
Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.
Sir (quoth the Voice), that may as true
And properly be said of you;
Whose talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together.
For all the Independents do
Is only what you forced 'em to;
You, who are not content alone
With tricks to put the Devil down,
But must have armies raised to back
The Gospel-work you undertake;
As if artillery and edge-tools
Were th' only engines to save souls.
While he, poor devil, has no pow'r
By force to run down and devour;
Has ne'er a Classis,[1] cannot sentence
To stools, or poundage of repentance;
Is ty'd up only to design,
T' entice, and tempt, and undermine:
In which you all his arts out-do,
And prove yourselves his betters too.
Hence 'tis possessions do less evil
Than mere temptations of the Devil,

[1] 'Classis:' see Introduction.

Which all the horrid'st actions done
Are charged in courts of law upon;
Because, unless they help the elf,
He can do little of himself;
And therefore where he 's best possess'd,
Acts most against his interest;
Surprises none but those who 've priests
To turn him out, and exorcists,
Supply'd with spiritual provision,
And magazines of ammunition;
With crosses, relics, crucifixes,
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;
The tools of working out salvation
By mere mechanic operation,
With holy water, like a sluice,
To overflow all avenues.
But those who 're utterly unarm'd
T' oppose his entrance if he storm'd,
He never offers to surprise,
Although his falsest enemies;
But is content to be their drudge,
And on their errands glad to trudge:
For where are all your forfeitures
Entrusted in safe hands, but ours?
Who are but jailors of the holes
And dungeons where you clap up souls:
Like under-keepers, turn the keys,
T' your mittimus anathemas;
And never boggle to restore
The members you deliver o'er,
Upon demand, with fairer justice
Than all your Covenanting Trustees:
Unless, to punish them the worse,
You put them in the secular powers,

And pass their souls, as some demise
The same estate in mortgage twice;
When to a legal utlegation[1]
You turn your excommunication,
And, for a groat unpaid that's due,
Distrain on soul and body too.
Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of civil
State prudence to cajole the Devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When h' has us in his cloven hoof.
'Tis true (quoth he), that intercourse
Has pass'd between your friends and ours;
That, as you trust us, in our way,
To raise your members and to lay,
We send you others of our own,
Denounced to hang themselves, or drown;
Or, frighted with our oratory,
To leap down headlong many a story;
Have used all means to propagate
Your mighty interests of state;
Laid out our spiritual gifts to further
Your great designs of rage and murder:
For if the Saints are named from blood,
We only 've made that title good;
And, if it were but in our power,
We should not scruple to do more;
And not be half a soul behind
Of all Dissenters of mankind.
Right (quoth the Voice), and, as I scorn
To be ungrateful, in return
Of all those kind good offices,
I 'll free you out of this distress,
And set you down in safety, where
It is no time to tell you here.

[1] 'Utlegation:' outlawry.

The cock crows, and the morn draws on
When 'tis decreed I must be gone;
And if I leave you here till day,
You 'll find it hard to get away.
With that the Spirit groped about
To find th' enchanted hero out,
And try'd with haste to lift him up;
But found his forlorn hope, his crup,
Unserviceable with kicks and blows,
Received from harden'd-hearted foes.
He thought to drag him by the heels,
Like Gresham carts, with legs for wheels;
But fear, that soonest cures those sores,
In danger of relapse to worse,
Came in t' assist him with its aid,
And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.
No sooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to dislodge;
The Spirit horsed him like a sack
Upon the vehicle, his back;
And bore him headlong into th' hall,
With some few rubs against the wall;
Where, finding out the postern lock'd,
And th' avenues as strongly block'd,
H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,
And in a moment gain'd the pass;
Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted soldier's
Fore-quarters out by th' head and shoulders;
And cautiously began to scout
To find their fellow-cattle out:
Nor was it half a minute's quest,
Ere he retrieved the champion's beast,
Ty'd to a pale, instead of rack,
But ne'er a saddle on his back.

Nor pistols at the saddle-bow ;
Convey'd away, the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to stay,
And let the night too steal away ;
But, in a trice, advanced the Knight
Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright ;
And, groping out for Ralpho's jade,
He found the saddle too was stray'd ;
And in the place a lump of soap,
On which he speedily leap'd up ;
And, turning to the gate the rein,
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain ;
While Hudibras, with equal haste,
On both sides laid about as fast,
And spurr'd, as jockeys use to break,
Or padders to secure, a neck :
Where let us leave 'em for a time,
And to their Churches turn our rhyme ;
To hold forth their declining state,
Which now come near an even rate.

END OF VOL. I.

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